9145 NOVEMBER 24, 1989 $1.95

Gorbachev and the American Left—See page 26

NATIONAL REVIEW

FEMINISM HITS MIDDLE AGE

Barbara Amiel

HOW THE DEMOCRATS HOLD ON TO CONGRESS

Susan Mandel & William McGurn

SHORTCHANGED AT THE THREEPENNY OPERA

Richard Grenier

MR. E ROY SMITH
20 BELLE AIR RD
COLORADO SPGS, CO 80906

*07702027O3 016892Z P 027
*5*********** 5-DIGIT 80906

49145

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ABSOLUT INTELLIGENCE.

FOR GIFT DELIVERY OF ABSOLUT® VODKA (EXCEPT WHERE PROHIBITED BY LAW) CALL 1-800-243-3787.
PRODUCT OF SWEDEN. 40 AND 50% ALC/VOL (80 AND 100 PROOF). 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS. ©1989 CARILLON IMPORTERS, LTD., TEANECK, NJ.

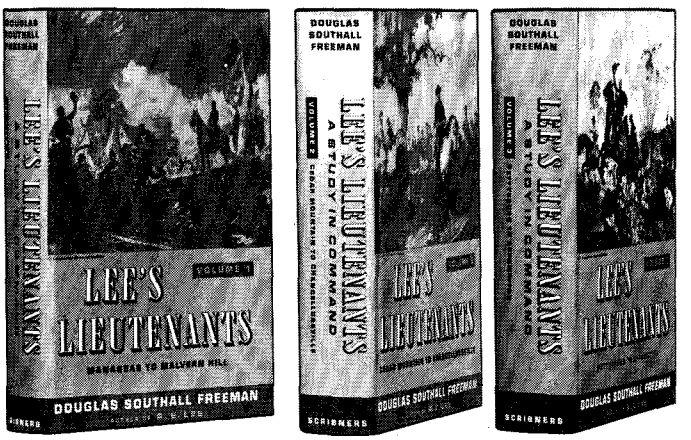
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

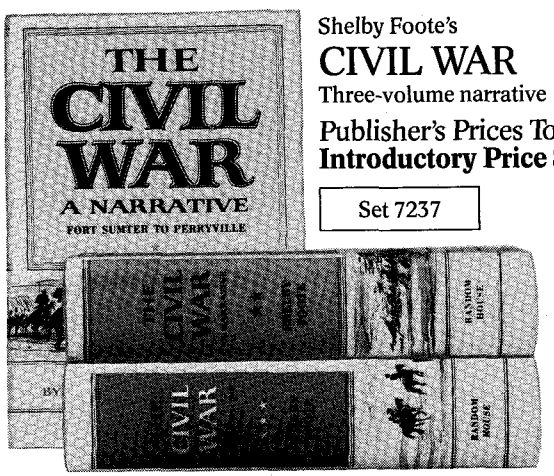
Priceless collections. Big savings.

With no risk, no commitment.

Douglas Southall Freeman's
LEE'S LIEUTENANTS
Three-volume narrative
Publisher's Prices Total $90
Introductory Price $20

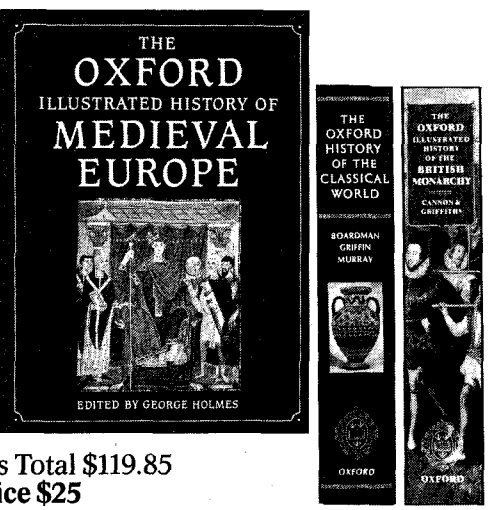
Set 7179





Shelby Foote's
CIVIL WAR
Three-volume narrative
Publisher's Prices Total $105
Introductory Price $15

Set 7237



OXFORD HISTORY LIBRARY
Three-volume reference
Publisher's Prices Total $119.85
Introductory Price $25

Set 1602

Landmark works. Hailed by readers, historians and critics alike.

No matter what area of history you enjoy reading about most, you'll find that History Book Club offers some of the finest selections being published today. And no book club we know offers greater savings–as much as 30% off publishers' list prices.

Your commitment? There is none. Through this special Introductory Offer, you can try History Book Club with no risk, no commitment. You may cancel membership at any time by notifying History Book Club. We may cancel your membership if you elect not to buy at least one book in any six-month period.

Save as much as 30% with low Members' prices. You'll enjoy significant savings off the publisher's price on each selection you make from the 150-200 volumes featured in the History Book Club *Review*, along with the new main title, the "Editors' Choice." History Book Club always offers its members well-made, long-lasting editions.

How the Club works. You'll receive our *Review* and a dated Reply Form 14 times a year (about every 4 weeks), plus up to 4 more offers of special selections. If you want the "Editors' Choice," do nothing. If you want another book, or no books at all, return the Reply Form by the date specified. A shipping and handling charge is added to each shipment.

Your HBC Guarantee: If you receive an unwanted "Editors' Choice" because you had fewer than 10 days to decide, simply return it and pay nothing.

Try History Book Club–and save! Return the attached coupon today.

History Book Club®
Camp Hill, PA 17012-8805

Please enroll me in History Book Club according to the no-risk, no-commitment terms outlined in the accompanying ad. Send me the multivolume set whose number I have entered in the space below. Bill me at the low Introductory Price, plus shipping and handling.

H123-11-2

Set Selection ____

9-66

Name_____

Address_____ Apt. #_____

City_____

State_____ Zip_____

©1989 History Book Club, Inc. All orders subject to approval. Prices generally higher in Canada.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The George Washington University
WASHINGTON DC

Endowed Professorships

The George Washington University is currently recruiting for 10 distinguished scholars for appointment to endowed professorships. Applicants should contact the person designated in the description of the position of interest.

LYLE T. ALVERSON PROFESSOR OF LAW
FREDA ALVERSON PROFESSOR OF LAW

These are *two* of four endowed professorships in the National Law Center recently made available by a generous testamentary gift. The holders of these chairs shall be individuals who are outstanding teachers and scholars in the law. They will have made important contributions to the development and understanding of legal principles in the area or areas of their expertise. They will be expected to research, write and publish articles and books that will have a major impact on the way in which courts, legislatures and lawyers look at the operations of the law. They will have opportunities to interact with faculty and students from other disciplines in the University.

Applications and nominations should be addressed to the Office of the Dean, National Law Center, The George Washington University, Washington, DC 20052.

ELMER L. KAYSER
PROFESSOR OF LEGAL HISTORY

The person chosen for this new professorship will hold faculty membership in both the Department of History and the National Law Center. He/she must have a willingness to offer courses of interest both to undergraduates in arts and sciences and to law students. Applicants should have a distinguished record of scholarly accomplishments in legal history. Period of specialization within field is open. Graduate training in history required. Ph.D./J.D highly desired. Appointment to be effective at the opening of the 1990-91 academic year.

Applications and nominations, including a *vita* and three references, will be accepted until January 1, 1990. They should be sent to Prof. Edward Berkowitz, Dept. of History, The George Washington University, Washington, DC 20052.

OLIVER T. CARR, JR.,
PROFESSOR OF URBAN AND REGIONAL DEVELOPMENT

A new professorship intended to take a leading role in M.B.A. field concentration in urban planning and real estate development. Applicants should have extensive knowledge and/or experience in real estate finance and urban development, a record of significant scholarly accomplishments and teaching excellence, a willingness to become involved in private and public sector programs, and a Ph.D., D.B.A., J.D., or other earned doctorate in an appropriate field.

Applications and nominations, including a *vita* and the names of three references, will be accepted until January 1, 1990. They should be addressed to the O.T. Carr, Jr., Professorship Search Committee, School of Government and Business Administration, The George Washington University, Washington, DC 20052.

L. STANLEY CRANE
PROFESSOR OF ENGINEERING

This newly endowed professorship in the School of Engineering and Applied Science is expected to be filled in the 1990-91 academic year. The appointment will be coordinated with programmatic developments for a new campus that the University is opening in Northern Virginia in 1991. In the initial phase, academic programs on that campus will be focused primarily on graduate education and research.

Inquiries should be addressed to the Office of the Dean, School of Engineering and Applied Science, The George Washington University, Washington, DC 20052.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN
PROFESSOR OF ACCOUNTANCY

A new professorship to be filled by the opening of the 1990-91 academic year. Applicants should have a demonstrated record of scholarly accomplishments in the field of accounting, a desire to teach both undergraduate and graduate students, a willingness to become actively involved in the business community through educational programs and/or research, and must have a Ph.D. or D.B.A. in accounting.

Applications and nominations, including a *vita* and the names of three references, will be accepted until January 1, 1990. They should be addressed to the Benjamin Franklin Professorship Search Committee, School of Government and Business Administration, The George Washington University, Washington, DC 20052.

EDWARD F. HOWREY
PROFESSOR OF TRIAL ADVOCACY

This endowed professorship is designed to strengthen the trial skills of students at the National Law Center. The person appointed will have exhibited outstanding trial skills plus the capacity to transfer such skills to others. He/she will be expected to organize and oversee a program that will accommodate all students who wish to participate and will have the ability to find those attorneys in the community with educational and trial skills to provide the support necessary to accomplish this goal. He/she also will be expected to analyze and conduct research into the trial process, resulting in publications that not only enhance the ability of individuals to operate within the existing trial system but that show how the current system can be altered and improved.

Applications and nominations should be addressed to the Office of the Dean, National Law Center, The George Washington University, Washington, DC 20052.

E.R. BAKER
PROFESSOR OF INTERNATIONAL AFFAIRS

This professorship is used for the visiting appointment of a diplomat, distinguished senior public servant or policy-oriented scholar during one semester each academic year. Persons appointed are expected to teach one seminar. Candidates are now being sought for the 1990-91 academic year.

Inquiries should be addressed to the Office of the Dean, Elliott School of International Affairs, The George Washington University, Washington, DC 20052.

CHAUNCY M. DE PEW
PROFESSOR OF PUBLIC SPEAKING

This professorship will be filled in 1990-91 as part of a slate of new appointments in communication. Communication studies at the University embrace journalism, radio and television, film studies, speech, and political communication.

For further details contact the Office of the Dean, Columbian College of Arts and Sciences, The George Washington University, Washington, DC 20052.

1990-91 CONGRESSIONAL PROFESSOR

This unique professorship is supported by an endowment derived from the sale of city lots granted to the University by an Act of Congress in 1832. Appointments may be made for one semester or for the full academic year. Candidates may be drawn either from public life or from academia. The important criterion is a strong link to the federal city and to civic affairs by virtue of distinguished public service and/or scholarship. Persons chosen are given visiting appointments in the appropriate faculty and are expected to offer courses of both specialized and broad interest.

Inquiries should be addressed to the Vice President for Academic Affairs, The George Washington University, Washington, DC 20052.

The University, founded in 1821, is located in the nation's capital, four blocks from the White House. It serves more than 18,000 students at both the undergraduate and graduate level with an exceptional array of programs and services and professional schools in medicine, law, international affairs, business, education, arts and sciences and engineering and applied science.

EOE/AAE

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NATIONAL REVIEW

NOVEMBER 24, 1989 VOL. XLI, NO. 22

Cover Story

23 ***Feminism Hits Middle Age***

Barbara Amiel finds that, feminists having denied all masculine virtue, their hearts belong, not to daddy, but to the state.

Articles

18 ***On the Scene***

Richard Brookhiser ponders the sadly similar cases of refugees *from*, and *to*, Hong Kong. . . . Illinois governor Jim Thompson is retiring at last, reports **John R. Coyne Jr.** Illinois conservatives just wish he had a more plausible successor. . . . **Ed Rubenstein** lists a few regulations we could live without. . . . **Robert Strother** believes that Mexico's President Salinas just may save his country's economy.

26 ***The Wounds of Glasnost***

Who, asks **Arch Puddington**, are Gorbachev's fiercest critics? Stalinists in the United States.

34 ***Recentralizing Europe***

Thomas Molnar suspects a reunified Germany will share co-dominion over Eastern Europe with the USSR.

37 ***How Do the Democrats Hold On To Congress?***

Why do the Democrats win most congressional elections when there are just as many Republican voters? Because, **Susan Mandel** and **William McGurn** discover, they're pros.

41 ***Charge of the Angry Brigade***

Christopher Tookey wonders why Broadway continues to import—and applaud—the socialist products of the British subsidized theater.

45 ***Reagan Revisited***

Anthony R. Dolan visits the former President and finds him as sharp—and soft—as ever.

Books, Arts & Manners

46 In *Nixon: The Triumph of a Politician, 1962–1972*, Stephen M. Ambrose portrays the President as a villain who somehow did good; wrong on both counts, counters **Donald Devine**. . . . **Joseph Sobran** finds rich reflections on questions basic to all political philosophy in the anthology *Liberalism and the Moral Life*. . . . *The Long Gray Line*'s potentially fascinating account of the West Point Class of 1966 fails, sighs **Brian Mitchell**, because Rick Atkinson falls back on cant to explain the subtleties of military life. . . . **Joe Mysak** takes on the Eighties bond market, using *Liar's Poker*, Michael Lewis's tale of the rise and fall of Salomon Brothers, as his text. . . . As Brecht's *Threepenny Opera* returns to Broadway, **Richard Grenier** wonders at the popularity of a cowering Stalinist toady and mediocre playwright. . . . With autumn waning, **Nika Hazelton**'s thoughts turn to the soups of Italy and the preservation of Venice. . . . Bernstein to the contrary, **Ralph de Toledano** insists Verdi should be played with restraint. . . . On All Hallows' Eve, **D. Keith Mano** discovers the secret heart of New York.

Sections

4 ***Letters***

8 ***On the Record***

9 ***From the Editor***

10 ***The Week***

32 help

52 ***Random Notes***

60 ***Trans-O-Gram***

62 ***On the Right***

64 ***Off the Record***

Cover illustration by Jon Weiman

NATIONAL REVIEW (ISSN: 0028-0038) is published bi-weekly, except for the first issue in January, by National Review, Inc., at 150 East 35th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and additional mailing offices. National Review, Inc., 1989. Address all editorial mail, manuscripts, letters to the editor, etc. to Editorial Dept., NATIONAL REVIEW, 150 East 35th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016. Address all subscription mail orders, changes of address, undeliverable copies, etc. to Circulation Dept., NATIONAL REVIEW, P.O. Box 96639, Washington, D.C. 20077-7471; phone, 800-222-6806, Monday–Friday, 9 A.M. to 5 P.M. Eastern time. Adjustment requests should be accompanied by a current mailing label or facsimile. Direct all display and classified advertising questions to The Leadership Network at 212-684-5500.

RATES: $39.00 a year (25 issues). Add $11.50 for Canada and other foreign subscriptions, per year. (All payments in U.S. currency.) The editors cannot be responsible for unsolicited manuscripts unless return postage or, better, a stamped self-addressed envelope is enclosed. Opinions expressed in signed articles do not necessarily represent the views of the editors.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NATIONAL REVIEW

William F. Buckley Jr. *Editor-in-Chief*
Wick Allison *Publisher*
John O'Sullivan *Editor*

Senior Editors
Richard Brookhiser / Priscilla L. Buckley
Jeffrey Hart / Joseph Sobran

Linda Bridges *Managing Editor*
Brad Miner *Literary Editor*
William McGurn *Washington Bureau Chief*
Paul Hebert *Art Director*
Mark Cunningham *Assistant Articles Editor*
David Klinghoffer *Assistant Literary Editor*
Geoffrey Morris *Assistant Managing Editor*
Radek Sikorski *Roving Correspondent*
Susan Mandel *Congressional Reporter*

Frances Bronson *Executive Secretary*
Jane Buckley Smith *Editorial Associate*
Tony Savage *Assistant to the Editor-in-Chief*

Editorial Services
Michael Ashton / Mary Edson
Michael A. Watkins

Dorothy McCartney *Research Director*
John J. Virtes *Librarian*
Ed Rubenstein *Economics Analyst*

Research Assistants
Russell Jenkins / Josie Salcedo
Joseph Vetter

Contributing Editors
Tom Bethell / Brian Crozier
W. H. von Dreele / Nika Hazelton
D. Keith Mano / Richard John Neuhaus
Alan Reynolds / John Simon
Ralph de Toledano / Ernest van den Haag
Timothy J. Wheeler

Edward A. Capano *Associate Publisher*
Robert F. Sennott Jr. *Advertising Director*

Rose Flynn DeMaio *Treasurer*
Arthur F. Stetzner *Fund Director*
Sylvia Wolinsky *Circulation Director*
Jason Ng *Circulation Manager*
Patricia B. Bozell *Special Projects Editor*
Lisa Nelson *Special Projects Director*
Dorian Robbins *Assistant to the Publisher*

Business Services
Denise Bealin / Louise Croce
Kevin Longstreet / Nancy Reilly

Contributors
Aram Bakshian Jr. / David Brudnoy
Christopher Buckley / John Chamberlain
Mona Charen / John R. Coyne Jr.
Dinesh D'Souza / M. Stanton Evans
Frank J. Gaffney Jr. / George Gilder
Victor Gold / Malcolm Hancock
Henry Hazlitt / Charles R. Kesler
James Jackson Kilpatrick / Nicholas King
Jan Lukas / Forrest McDonald
Charles Burton Marshall / Thomas Molnar
Joe Mysak / Gerhart Niemeyer
Michael Novak / Grover Joseph Rees
William F. Rickenbacker / Selden Rodman
William A. Rusher / J. O. Tate
Terry Teachout / S. L. Varnado
Richard Vigilante / Charles Wallen Jr.
Chilton Williamson Jr.

Foreign Contributors
Anthony Lejeune *London*
Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn *Munich*
Donald Coxe *Toronto*
Robert S. Strother *Cuernavaca*
Richard C. Carpenter *Athens*

LETTERS

Unbearable Lightness of Lewis

In his critique of Anthony Lewis ["Anthony Agonistes," Sept. 1], Henry Catto concedes to the columnist the right to discuss the Middle East since Lewis "does know the territory." I believe that Mr. Catto was taken in by Lewis's well-developed knack of sounding knowledgeable on any topic. In truth, Lewis's understanding of Middle Eastern history, politics, mores, or culture is at best superficial.

It is no secret that Lewis has no functional Hebrew and no Arabic at all, a serious handicap for someone wanting to study the region. Mr. Catto states that he found, during the period he covered, 201 columns on the Middle East, including 177 on Israel. But when Mr. Lewis visits here he carefully avoids those people who will not provide him with material critical of Israel. I have in my files, I suppose, 165 of the 177 columns Mr. Catto mentions. In none of these have I found evidence of anything that might pass as research. It is sad to relate, furthermore, that the columnist is not above distortion and misrepresentation.

Many times I have supplied him with evidence of his "sins" and asked how he justifies his devious modus operandi. In one reply Lewis told me that he is an opinion columnist, which seems to imply that he is thereby exempt from decent standards; in another he expressed his heartfelt concern for Israel, which may or may not be true, but which does not excuse his flaws. All of this suggests two questions: Where is his journalistic integrity? and How does he get away with it?

Bernard Cohen
Jerusalem

Crash and Save

Ed Rubenstein's "Right Data" ["A Nation of Savers?" Oct. 27] fails to mention the major contribution to increased savings in the last two years: the stock-market crash of October 1987. Ask Fidelity how much went into money-market funds—and how much of it is still there.

Harry M. Sibley
Vero Beach, Fla.

The 1987 crash may have induced people to save a larger share of their income. On the other hand, a nearly 50 per cent drop in stock prices in 1973–74 coincided with a decline *in the personal savings rate. The point is, there are many factors which influence savings; no single variable is ever* the *explanation. I tried to highlight those trends—lower marginal tax rates, an aging population, reduced international tensions—which augur well for a long-term increase in personal savings. The market crash was, in the scheme of things, a transitory influence.* —*ER*

Asians: Success for Whom?

I appreciate your mentioning my name in your article "The Invisible Success Story," by Stuart Rothenberg [Sept. 15]. As a person who worked actively in Leo McCarthy's Senate campaign, I wish to call attention to the fact that more Asians in Los Angeles and San Francisco Counties voted for McCarthy and Michael Dukakis than for either George Bush or the incumbent senator, Pete Wilson. Most of the Pacific-area Asian-American population is concentrated in these two areas.

Maria L. Hsia
Los Angeles, Calif.

Just Another Boondoggle

Ruth Berenson misses the mark on public funding of the arts ["The Open Question," Oct. 13]. The question is not whether Senator Jesse Helms's proposal amounts to censorship (though what patron does not possess the right to cease funding to his/her recipient when that artist's work no longer pleases him?). Rather, the question is: By what right does government confiscate money from the taxpaying public to support programs which that same public has declined to support voluntarily?

The next time you attend a tax-supported play, or visit an art exhibit or museum, ask yourself if the vast majority of those attending appear to be part of some underprivileged minority seeking exposure to a cultured life. How many geniuses in the world of arts and letters were funded by their governments? And how many had received

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

their final reward long before anyone thought to offer them earthly benefits commensurate with their work?

Public funding for the arts is a political boondoggle that, like so many others, is now self-perpetuating. As displeasing as it may seem to many, culture cannot be force-fed to society. Those who want it will seek it out—and pay for it, voluntarily. Private benefactors also give millions of dollars each year, voluntarily, to support various arts programs.

Finally, to a large extent, the National Endowment for the Arts is as guilty as Senator Helms on the charge of censorship. The NEA also, through its funding procedures, decides what is fit for public consumption.

Jim Panyard
Villanova, Pa.

Time's Growth

L. Brent Bozell and Brent Baker are on target concerning the leftward drift of *Time* magazine ["Henry Luce, Call Your Medium," Sept. 15]. NATIONAL REVIEW readers may be interested in remarks made by Henry Muller, managing editor of *Time*, at a recent conference which I attended.

Citing market pressures, Muller said that it was no longer enough to "regurgitate facts." In that light, he said, *Time* is now offering "a point of view." Naïvely, I had thought that a news magazine would maintain at least the appearance of fairness. Mr. Muller, however, was proud of his lurid "Death by Gun" issue, saying that *Time* had a duty to "lead the discussion" on this and other subjects. Messrs. Bozell and Baker clearly show in which direction *Time* intends to lead.

John C. McPherson
Mount Ida, Ark.

Pop Figure or Litterateur?

Joseph Sobran's review of my book on Orwell's legacy, *The Politics of Literary Reputation* [June 30], has just come to my attention. I was appalled to find that the review consists of a misleading summary of my work, dismissive judgments, and even misstatements of fact (which show that Mr. Sobran read my book sloppily or not at all).

1. Mr. Sobran says my book "examines the highbrow department of the Orwell cult." No, more than two hundred (of four hundred) pages in Parts I and II are devoted to Orwell's influence within mass culture, including separate sections on Orwell's relation to popular culture, on the treatment of his books by the mass media, and on the entry of his work into Anglo-American schoolrooms. My book is not a narrow discussion of "the Orwell cult." It is a selective cultural history of the postwar era, framed through the reception of Orwell's work in literary and popular culture.

2. Dismissing those intellectuals who have wondered about Orwell's legacy as having "shown all the acumen of those Victorian readers who used to write letters to Sherlock Holmes, soliciting his assistance," Mr. Sobran says that I "take it all too seriously." This is puzzling. I discuss one long article from *NR* (May 13, 1983), in which the contributor pays "Homage to Orwell" and acclaims him as a right-wing "force of light." And I cite Mr. Sobran's own 1984 column in which he himself claims Orwell's mantle for the Right. In reviewing my book, Mr. Sobran should have declared his interest—and admitted his own recent work.

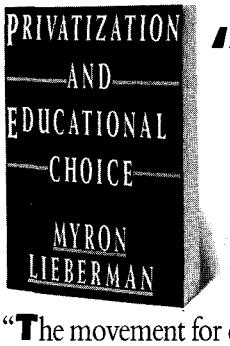
3. Mr. Sobran quotes a lone sentence in my book and then remarks: "I'm quoting out of context, but only because I would spare you reading the context too. Four hundred pages of this stuff is a lot of context." Nowhere in the review does Mr. Sobran quote even a phrase of my work, let alone discuss a single chapter or issue. Instead he bemoans that Orwell should be "honored with so pedantic a piece of work as this." As I discuss in the book, that kind of dismissal typifies the Orwell admirer who seeks to discredit others by claiming his opponent's "pedantic" style betrays Orwell's immaculately clean style. Meanwhile, the strategist aligns himself with Orwell by implying that his own style resembles Orwell's much-praised plain style.

4. Mr. Sobran's review is riddled with factual errors. In 1946, not 1949, V. S. Pritchett called Orwell "the most honest writer of our time." Trilling's famous phrase about Orwell was that he was "a virtuous man," not "a good man." And so on.

My book is not a case for a "left-wing" or "right-wing" Orwell. I hope that readers will read my work, and not judge it by Mr. Sobran's travesty of a review, which misrepresents the book's conception and focus.

John Rodden
College of Communication
University of Texas at Austin
Austin, Tex.

Yes, it was 1946 that Pritchett said what he said, and yes, Trilling said "virtuous." I stand corrected. The rest of Mr. Rodden's complaint is bluster.



"Clear, Comprehensive, Compelling"

—E. S. Savas, Baruch College

"**The** movement for choice in education is a powerful social movement, based on sound intuitions but capable of being misdirected. **Lieberman's book is an antidote** for that and a guide toward realization of the educational potential of the movement."

—James S. Coleman, University of Chicago

"**A persuasive argument** that the private sector, especially companies involved in education for profit, must play an essential role in educational reform."

—William C. Norris, Control Data Corp.

"**Lieberman's wealth of knowledge is evident** in every chapter. . . . The timely argument he makes matters."

—Timothy Healy, *New York Times Book Review*

***Privatization and Educational Choice* by Myron Lieberman**
386 pp./$35 cloth/$12.95 paper. A Cato Institute book published by St. Martin's Press.

CATO INSTITUTE

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FOUR EXCEPTIONAL VIETNAM VIDEOTAPES

THE HANOI HILTON
The unforgettable story of American POWs in the infamous Hoa-Lo prison. Starring Michael Moriarty. *Warner Bros.* 126 mins. VHS. Color. List $19.95. Sale $17.95.

TELEVISION'S VIETNAM: The Real Story and The Impact of Media
"A provocative documentary" (The New York Times). Narrated by Charlton Heston. *Accuracy in Media,* Inc. 116 mins. VHS/BETA. Color. List $29.95. Sale $14.95.

WE CAN KEEP YOU FOREVER
MIA's in Vietnam and Laos. Journalists reveal what is already known to American intelligence. *American Video.* 75 mins. VHS. Color. List $49.95. Sale $29.95.

HELICOPTER GUNSHIP ASSAULTS
A powerful film diary of Vietnam by actual combatants. *Vietnam Archives.* 60 mins. VHS. Color. List $29.95. Sale $24.95.

Make Great Gifts.

3548

To: ACCURACY IN MEDIA, 1275 K St., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20005 / (202) 371-6710
YES, please send at special sale prices:

___ copies **The Hanoi Hilton** . . . $17.95 ea ___
___ copies **Television's Vietnam** . . . . . $14.95 ea. ___
___ copies **We Can Keep You Forever** . . . . . $29.95 ea. ___
___ copies **Helicopter Gunship Assaults** . . . . . $24.95 ea. ___
Special offer: all 4 videotapes $79.95 . . . ___
Shipping . . . . . ___
TOTAL . . . . . ___

Shipping: $3.50 per tape. Add $1.00 for each additional tape. Max $6.50 for all 4 videotapes. For U.S. only. Other countries extra.

☐ My check is enclosed
☐ Charge VISA/MasterCard/AMEX ___
Expires: ___
Name: ___
Address: ___
City, State, Zip ___

CREDIT CARD ORDERS: CALL 1-800-345-8112

The real subject of his book, as his title makes clear, is Orwell's literary *reputation, not his popularity. And Mr. Rodden's mechanistic explanation, by the way, doesn't account for that popularity: other books with equal advantages of timing and promotion don't even approach* Nineteen Eighty-Four *in popular appeal.*

Surely there is no need for Mr. Rodden's personal insinuations. I've never "claimed" Orwell for "the Right" (whatever "the Right" means in Mr. Rodden's mind). I've remarked on the tension between his ideology and his personality, as I did in my review. I freely "admit" that I've written about Orwell before, but why this is an "interest" to "declare" or "admit," Mr. Rodden should explain. I don't "imply" that my style is like Orwell's, because it isn't: I said that "Orwell" is a "fiction," the "attitude of the romantic loner." That's far more specific than the "plain style"—Mr. Rodden's tin-eared reduction of the distinctive Orwell voice to the level of featureless banality.

Mr. Rodden again hints at some dark ulterior motive when he says I "seek to discredit" him. Why should I want to? I don't particularly disagree with his book; I simply found it badly written, particularly for someone in literary pursuits. He posits enmity where there is none, and condemns as "misstatements" what I have to assume, since he doesn't name them, are mere differences of opinion. As for his suspicion that I didn't read his book, or didn't read it "closely," I can only groan that I did my best, though the suspicion itself suggests that he and I do at some level agree as to its readability. —*JS*

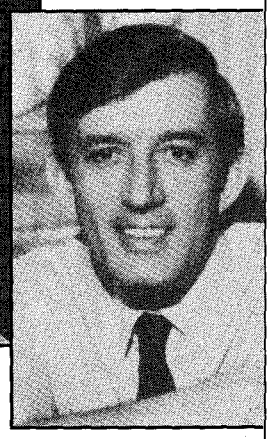
Oops!

In our November 10 issue, we inadvertently omitted the last few words of Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn's "On the Scene" (page 25). The piece should have ended: ". . . the present order in Moscow's prize satellite." . . . And (page 11) our editor's old friend is of course Michael *Kinsley*. . . . Finally, an acknowledgment was omitted from David Martin's "Speaking in Latin Tongues" [Sept. 29]. Mr. Martin, who is Elizabeth Scurlock Professor at Southern Methodist University, wished to add: "This research was carried out under the aegis and with the financial support of the Institute for the Study of Economic Culture (ISEC), Boston University. I would like to express my gratitude both to the Institute and to its head, Peter Berger, for their generous assistance and support."

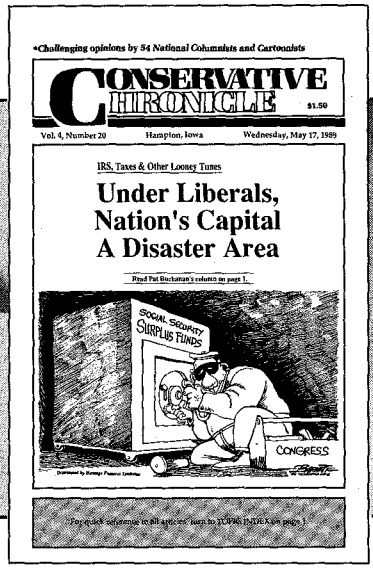
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

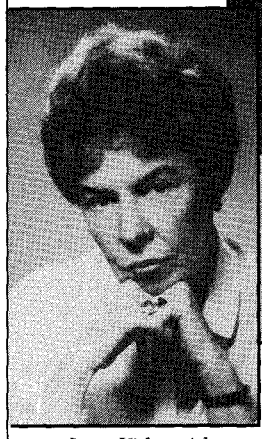
Great Minds. Great Opinions.

James Kilpatrick



Donald Lambro


•Challenging opinions by 54 National Columnists and Cartoonists
CONSERVATIVE CHRONICLE
$1.50
Vol. 4, Number 20
Hampton, Iowa
Wednesday, May 17, 1989
IRS, Taxes & Other Looney Tunes
Under Liberals, Nation's Capital A Disaster Area
Read Pat Buchanan's column on page 1.
SOCIAL SECURITY SURPLUS FUNDS
CONGRESS



Jeane Kirkpatrick

William F. Buckley

Over 28 columnists and 24 cartoonists featured weekly in the Conservative Chronicle!

Now, every week read Pat Buchanan, Edwin Meese, James Kilpatrick, William Buckley, William Rusher – altogether over 28 nationally-acclaimed columnists and 24 cartoonists with conservative appeal.

The Conservative Chronicle, a 32-page tabloid, is packed with the great opinions of our country's finest conservative minds. Find out what they are saying every week about the nation's economy, morality, foreign affairs and Washington affairs, education, and a host of other topics of timely importance. All columns published in full. **All 52 issues for only $36.00.**

You'll also enjoy the wit and humor of the Conservative Chronicle's featured cartoonists, including Steve Kelley, Mike Shelton, Ranan Lurie, Jerry Barnett, Bill DeOre, Jeff MacNelly, Henry Payne, Tom Gibb and Dick Wright.

Don't miss this great line-up of conservative leaders. Call toll-free or mail coupon and take advantage of this exceptional value. Handy topic index in each issue. Money back guarantee!

CONSERVATIVE CHRONICLE

Toll-free service:
800-558-1244 ex. Iowa
Phone hours: Monday-Friday 8 to 5 CT

Conservative Chronicle
Box 29, Hampton, Iowa 50441

Yes, I accept your subscription offer of 1 year (52 issues) for $36.00 (add $20.00 for foreign postage). I understand I can obtain a full refund on unmailed copies at any time.

Payment: ❒ Check ❒ Bill me
❒ VISA ❒ MC ❒ AX Exp. date _____
Card # _____
Name _____
Address _____ Apt. #____
City _____
State _____ Zip _____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ON THE RECORD

■ CAN YOU BELIEVE IT? DEPT.: Just weeks after **Bush** Administration accused Soviet soldiers of continuing fighting against Afghan guerrillas despite peace agreement, Foreign Minister **Eduard Shevardnadze** publicly condemned USSR's war in Afghanistan and called Krasnoyarsk radar a "clear violation" of 1972 U.S.–Soviet ABM treaty. "Fairly extraordinary" was official response from White House spokesman **Marlin Fitzwater**, who added: "It's difficult to say what grand meaning [the statements] have, but it certainly seems like a step in the right direction." . . . **Howard Phillips** of Conservative Caucus has different outlook: "In the midst of what **Edward Jay Epstein** calls 'the sixth *glasnost*' [Shevardnadze's] recent statement [on Afghanistan] is a deceptive effort . . . considering bombing raids by the Soviets in Afghanistan continue to this day." Phillips cites a *Washington Times* report that Moscow is pumping $3 to $4 million per month in military aid to the regime of Afghan President **Najibullah**. . . . **Richard Perle** on ABC's *This Week with David Brinkley* says, "I believe [the Krasnoyarsk admission is] because they want to press further restrictions on strategic defenses . . . the United States had taken the position . . . that we would not enter into a new treaty until they cleaned up the violation on the old one." . . . On same show, when asked by **George Will** if he still counts himself among skeptics concerning the Soviet Union's violation of ABM and SALT II, Sen. **Joe Biden** responded, "Well, SALT II is long past as a practical matter."

■ As conventional wisdom in U.S. is calling for more taxes, Sweden's Finance Minister **Kjell-Olof Feldt** recently said, "We don't believe we can get this economy to function if we increase the tax burden." In addition to dropping tax rates, the government is about to allow citizens to make their own choices among different hospitals, schools, and day-care centers in hopes that competition may improve these institutions' inefficient performance. . . . Pork time: At House–Senate conference, House earmarked some $9 million in last-minute funds that HUD Secretary **Jack Kemp** had hoped to eliminate. The money is directed to 14 community projects, ten in districts of House Appropriation members, four in district of subcommittee chairman **Bob Traxler** (D., Mich.). Traxler is responsible for obtaining nearly $1 million for park improvements in Bay City; nearly $1 million for job-training center in Saginaw; $600,000 for low-to-moderate-income housing development in Saginaw. Rep. **Jim Chapman** (D., Tex.) plugged in $800,000 for economic revitalization in his district. **Louis Stokes** (D., Ohio) tapped $800,000 for housing in his district. The list goes on.

■ In race to succeed **Michael Dukakis** as Massachusetts governor, conservative and right-to-life state House Minority Leader **Steven Pierce** seems intent on running hard for March Republican nomination by state convention against pro-choice former Assistant U.S. Attorney General **William Weld**. **Kevin Phillips** reports that Bush Chief of Staff **John Sununu** is urging Republican former Mass. Gov. **Edward King** to enter race. King says nothing doing. As of now, Lt. Gov. **Evelyn Murphy** leads polls to win Democratic nomination. . . . In current governor's race in Virginia, Republican **Marshall Coleman** never managed to get soft-on-crime label to stick to his Democratic opponent, **Douglas Wilder**, who turned campaign into referendum on abortion—running a pro-choice campaign. . . . Once N.J. gubernatorial candidates ran short of mud to sling, Republican Rep. **Jim Courter** narrowed gap with Democratic Rep. **Jim Florio**. Both had caricatured the other in TV ads as **Pinocchio** with a growing nose while voice-over listed supposed lies. Like Coleman, Courter waffled on abortion.

Matt, (London) *Daily Telegraph*/Rotheo

"Don't worry sir, the market has . . ."

■ Former executive editor of *Washington Times* **Smith Hempstone Jr.** has been chosen by President Bush to be ambassador to Kenya. . . . Roast in honor of **Morton Blackwell**—Republican National Committeeman from Virginia and president of the Leadership Institute—will be held at Washington's Hyatt Regency on November 16. Toasters and Roasters include **Lee Atwater**, Sen. **Trent Lott** (D., Miss.), and **Ed Meese**; **Dan Quayle** will hold a pre-roast reception. For info contact Leadership Institute at 8001 Braddock Road, Suite 502, Springfield, Va. 22151; 703-321-8580. . . . National Journalism Center offers practical training in researching, writing, and editing, plus experience working under professional Washington journalists. Interns receive $100 weekly stipend for six-week winter session starting Dec. 11. Deadline for application is Dec. 1. Contact **M. Stanton Evans**, **Chris Warden**, or **Mal Kline** at 800 Maryland Ave., N.E., Washington, D.C. 20002; 202-544-1333.

■ LAWYERS IN LOVE: **V. H. Krulak** in the *Orange County Register* notes: "There are about 650,000 lawyers in the United States—one for each 365 people—and their number is increasing at a rate seven times faster than our population. If that rate continues until the year 2074, everyone in the United States will be a lawyer."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FROM THE EDITOR

Arms and the Woman

■ Some months ago, I asked a visiting Soviet artist if he intended to call on the far-left Institute for Policy Studies during his American tour. "Of course not," he replied, laughing heartily. "They are stooges."

One of the pleasanter results of *perestroika,* as Arch Puddington documents in this issue, is the way that Soviet sympathizers, fellow-travelers, useful idiots, progressive Sovietologists, and the plain old stooges of the American Left are constantly let down by their former heroes. To this list of willing dupes we must now add "arms-control experts" since the Soviet foreign minister admitted that the Krasnoyarsk radar was an "open violation" of the 1972 ABM treaty.

This admission undercut a long campaign to persuade us that Krasnoyarsk was no big deal. Thus, Professor Allan S. Krass of the Union of Concerned Scientists had written to the *New York Times* in 1987: "What we see confirms what most informed United States analysts have concluded: the radar is not militarily threatening to the United States and cannot be seen as an attempt to break out of the ABM treaty." Three Democratic congressmen visited the Krasnoyarsk site in September 1987 and judged it to be "not a violation of the ABM treaty at this time." A group affiliated with Stanford University's Center for International Security and Arms Control, which included two former U.S. members of the joint U.S.–Soviet standing committee on treaty compliance, declared Krasnoyarsk a "technical violation" of "little military significance."

And even some experts who accepted that the Soviet radar *did* violate the treaty urged the U.S. to deal with the matter by offering to close down two U.S. radar stations in return for Krasnoyarsk. It did not occur to them that if treaty violations by one side lead to concessions by the other, that would provide a positive incentive for treaty violations.

Not that arms-controllers are pro-Soviet; they simply regard the arms-control process as an end in itself. Whether treaties are complied with, whether they can be verified, whether they actually lead to greater mutual security—these are secondary questions. What matters to them is that arms-control treaties should be continually negotiated, signed, venerated, and protected against doubt in the form of alleged treaty violations. No Western leader has been able to prevail against the power of this fetish. Whether Mr. Shevardnadze has weakened it permanently must remain an open question.

■ Dept. of Unconscious Satire. "Some of my young colleagues call themselves neo-Marxists. I can't see much difference between their views and mine, and I call myself a liberal Democrat," said Princeton historian Lawrence Stone in a *New York Times* report on Marxism on campus.

This raises an interesting question. Is Professor Stone launching a vicious McCarthyite attack on himself? Comparing liberals to Marxists used to be regarded as almost a violation of civil liberties. But that was because the comparison was usually employed to discredit liberalism. Professor Stone is employing it to excuse Marxism, or "neo-Marxism" at any rate. The irony is that to link something with liberalism brings credit upon it only in the universities. Marxists outside might well shrink from the dreaded "L-word." But I'm forgetting: there are no Marxists outside the universities.

■ I learn from the U.S. media that Mrs. Thatcher faces a real threat to her leadership following the resignation of her chancellor of the exchequer, Nigel Lawson. My advice to readers similarly informed is to take this prediction with a Siberia of salt.

Mr. Lawson is a man of enormous ability with great achievements to his credit, notably reducing Britain's top rate of tax to 40 per cent, compared to Labour's top rate of 98 per cent. But he has never had a large political following and he leaves office under unpropitious circumstances. Inflation at 7.6 per cent is double its 1987 low, and interest rates have risen in two years from 7 to 15 per cent. Since mortgage-holders are the backbone of the Tory vote, his advocacy of continued high interest rates is not a cause to rally support in his own party.

Insofar as high rates are required to get inflation down, Mr. Lawson saw eye to eye with both Mrs. Thatcher and her former advisor, Sir Alan Walters. Where they differed was on the chancellor's attempt to keep the pound stable against the German Mark. Mrs. Thatcher is an instinctive "floater" on currencies, as her remark last year, "You can't buck the market," suggested.

She has a strong case. In or out of the European Exchange Rate Mechanism, currency stability ties the pound to an undervalued Mark. Not only does this give West German manufacturers a free ride in exporting, it also compels the British to prop up their currency with high interest rates more or less indefinitely.

Mrs. Thatcher's political problem was how to downgrade exchange-rate stability as an aim of policy without taking the dramatic and unpopular step of sacking her chancellor. Mr. Lawson solved this problem for her by resigning. The blood on the carpet looked messy in the morning papers, but she now has a less dogmatic chancellor in John Major, a more united government, and the prospects of a more balanced economic policy based on cutting domestic inflation. And to cap it all, the Labour Party missed its golden opportunity by proposing a policy of voluntary credit restraint by the banks that was greeted with general derision.

In the aftermath of Mr. Lawson's resignation, you can get long odds with London bookmakers on the Conservatives winning the next election. Try a modest investment.

■ Full disclosure requires me to add that I am a former advisor to Mrs. Thatcher, an acquaintance of Nigel Lawson's, and a old friend of Alan Walters's. That's journalistic ethics; once it would have been called name-dropping. —JOHN O'SULLIVAN

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE WEEK

■ Russia, Hungary, Poland . . . (Sigh.) It must be nice to live in a country where you're getting freer every day.

■ New taxes, anyone? Senator Bob Dole said on NBC's *Meet the Press* that he'd favor a new gasoline tax—not, mind you, to reduce the deficit, but only to rebuild the infrastructure of the Bay Area to its pre-earthquake level. We've got a better idea: why not just suspend federal income taxes on Bay Area residents this year? It could set a useful precedent.

■ The lead sentence in the *Washington Post* story summed it up: "Ronald Reagan wound up a week-long visit to this capital city today by pulling out the most powerful of Japan's establishment—from prime minister to royalty to movie star to sumo wrestler—and taking with him a swirling controversy about the $2 million he has been paid for two twenty-minute speeches and some public appearances." There is no point in denying that some, indeed many, Americans are affronted by the numbers, and we are left with the following comments: 1) Before Ronald Reagan entered politics, he was a trouper, and having retired from public office he is perfectly well disposed to troupe for America, which he did in Japan most admirably; 2) as a trouper, he no doubt is influenced by the Universal Maxim of Elizabeth Taylor ("If somebody is dumb enough to pay me a million dollars for a movie, I'm not dumb enough to turn them down"); 3) if it had been two million for a couple of gigs by the Rolling Stones, nobody would have noticed; and 4) the office of Mr. Reagan has announced that he will be in Washington on November 15 "to attend a meeting of the board of directors of NATIONAL REVIEW." Some years ago at an *NR* occasion Mr. Reagan quipped that, between them, the *Reader's Digest* and NATIONAL REVIEW have a circulation of five million one hundred thousand subscribers. Well, between Japan and NATIONAL REVIEW, Mr. Reagan will have earned, for professional services rendered, $2 million.

■ DO NOT PANIC, but Mr. Anthony Pastelis of Boston is convinced that Michael Dukakis may yet be President of the United States. But, you ask, haven't the 1988 landslide and the collapse of the Massachusetts economy finished off Dukakis for good? Answer: They have scotched the snake, not killed it, according to Mr. Pastelis. He sees Dukakis as a potential Nixon, wily and tough enough to rise from the ashes in which he is currently interred. We repeat: DO NOT PANIC. But if you want to be extra prudent, Mr. Pastelis publishes a monthly newsletter called *The Dukakis Watch*, available for $49 per year.

■ The news is getting grimmer for Barney Frank. The *Washington Times*, relaying a leak from the House ethics ha-ha committee, reports that the erstwhile conscience of the Congress used to take his boyfriends to the House gym for some after-hours lovin'. Frank denies it. His former beau, Steven Gobie, says it's true. It seems logically inescapable that one of these two characters is telling the truth. Regardless, Frank should not be run out of the House. Getting rid of him might create the impression that Capitol Hill is otherwise occupied by 534 role models.

■ The 45-year prison sentence heaped on televangelist Jim Bakker for fraud is a bit much. Granted, Bakker is a sleazy number, the sort who gives a bad name to any cause he operates in the name of. But he could hardly have drawn a stiffer punishment if he'd *killed* Jessica Hahn. The penalty imposed by a judge bent on clearing the reputation of Christianity may be well motivated, but it's wildly excessive all the same. Christianity has survived worse spokesmen than Bakker, as Voltaire marveled long ago.

■ "I have the evidence—which is readily available to anyone who wishes to examine the trial transcripts—that I did not commit the crimes I was convicted of." Thus Willie Horton, in a *Playboy* interview. He sees himself as a "victim of racism." And of bad breaks: "Sadly, there's no black leader who possesses the moral authority of the late Martin Luther King Jr. If this had happened to me when he was alive, I believe that the public would

Jak, (London) Evening Standard / Rotheo

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

have known the truth by now." He also believes in victims' rights, with a stern moral caveat: "True, it's sad when someone is murdered. But, at the same time, the victim's family should not wallow in self-pity." On capital punishment, he agrees with Michael Dukakis that its sole purpose is "revenge—not rehabilitation." As for the crime problem, "it's a sad state of affairs. And the only answer, as I see it, is job creation. The Federal Government *must* institute a massive job-training program in the inner cities, it *must* spend whatever is necessary to train poor blacks for good jobs. If not, the problem will continue to worsen, to the point that no one will be safe on our nation's streets." Sounds like Horton may figure in the 1992 election too, perhaps on the Democratic Platform Committee.

■ Robert C. "Sonny" Carson, a black nationalist leader in Brooklyn, has denied emphatically that he is an anti-Semite. "I'm anti-white," he said. "Don't just limit me to a little group of people." Dropped from the David Dinkins mayoral campaign, "Sonny" complained that the Rudolph Giuliani campaign was bringing up his kidnapping conviction and questioning his use of campaign funds. "Sonny" also engineered a violent confrontation with police while trying to block the Brooklyn Bridge recently. His bodyguards wear black uniforms, practice karate, and wear leather gloves with studded knuckles. Just your run-of-the-mill New York citizen.

■ New from the Media Research Center (111 South Columbus Street, Alexandria, Va. 22314), the people who bring you *MediaWatch*, is *TV, etc.*, a bi-monthly review of the entertainment industry and the Hollywood Left. *MediaWatch* documents liberal bias in the national news media; *TV, etc.* is doing the same for television, popular music, and film, and the surrounding cultural miasma. The first issue included a profile of the multi-million-dollar Hollywood Women's Political Committee (members, oddly enough, include Ed Asner and Robert Redford); notes on particularly slanted records and shows (Howard Hesseman's *Head of the Class*); and a column of quotes called "Sound Bites" ("Gee, I'd love to, Vanessa, but I'm Jewish and famous"—Dustin Hoffman, when asked by Vanessa Redgrave to join the PLO); and more. We're fans.

■ The National Endowment for the Arts isn't the only arts-support organization to spend taxpayers' money on projects of which taxpayers wouldn't approve. The New York State Council on the Arts has helped fund a six-thousand-square-foot group portrait of Marx, Lenin, Trotsky, Castro, and Che Guevara. Recently completed and covering the entire side of a six-story building in Manhattan, the heroic-style "Pathfinder Mural," as it's called, will be on display for the viewing pleasure of West Side Highway motorists for as long as the paint continues to stick. Taxation without representation remains . . . business as usual.

■ As Yogi Berra once said, it seemed like déjà vu all over again. Another mid-October afternoon. Another bloodbath on Wall Street. Another spate of inconclusive postmortems. But things are different now. For one thing, this time around, the Street is not patiently waiting for the next regulatory démarche from Washington. Half a dozen Wall Street firms have already pronounced against program trading. They won't do it any more, won't do business with firms that do it—self-imposed constraints that go far beyond anything contemplated by Washington. Another victory for the invisible hand.

■ Wham! Out of nowhere, a fist interrupted a TV interview with Senator John Glenn, connecting with the senatorial chin. We deplore personal violence as much as the next rag, but when a taxpayer belts a politician you have to leave open the possibility it's self-defense.

■ When world chess champion Gary Kasparov went up against a computer program that could scan 720,000 moves per second, he nevertheless beat it so handily that he complained of the lack of opposition. Wait five years, the computer jocks warned—we'll be back with a program that scans a *billion* moves a second. We're not worrying until they come up with a program that can invent a game as good as chess. When they build a program that can build a Gary Kasparov, we'll start praying.

1848, 1948, 1989 . . .

THERE ARE times when the situation in Eastern Europe resembles nothing so much as a replay of 1948, only backward. Then, unstable left-of-center coalitions were being subverted by their Communist "members"; now, there are coalitions again, but the partners losing power and legitimacy are the Communists. An even better comparison is 1848, when a cross-continental convulsion of nationalism shook the Austrian Empire—indeed, the whole world-order of the Congress of Vienna.

This time around, Poland started it all, with an election in which the Communists lost nearly every seat that was freely contested; Poland now has her first non-Communist prime minister in over forty

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

years. Hungary came next: Imre Nagy, hero of the 1956 uprising, reburied with honors; the Communist Party changing its name; the country formally declaring itself a "Republic." In East Germany, Erich Honecker, oldest of the old guard, was driven from office by the humiliating exodus of his subjects on the eve of the regime's fortieth-birthday party. Egon Krenz, his successor, is acknowledged, by Willy Brandt of all people, to be "transitional." Hundred-thousand-strong marches in Leipzig, Dresden, become common. The Lutheran clergy, historically among the most docile in Europe, calls for reform. In Prague, ten thousand rally in Wenceslaus Square. Police beat them. But the Czechoslovakian government's days are also clearly numbered.

These amazing developments could not occur without the acquiescence, heartfelt or sullen, of Moscow. And indeed, Soviet spokesmen have joked about the "Frank Sinatra doctrine," which has now replaced the Brezhnev model: each country saying: "I did it my way." The crowds in East Germany shout: "Gorby! Gorby!" much as Lafayette, during the French Revolution, invoked Washington. And though the crowds in Budapest jeer pro-forma expressions of brotherhood with the Soviet Union, they too shout: "Gorby!"

Gorby hopes to gain more from these developments than a few rounds of applause. If, by administering measured—hell, not so measured—doses of freedom, he can dump some of his Eastern European economic basket cases into the lap of an agog West; better, if he can funnel the capitalist largesse to the biggest basket case of all, his own economy: why then, Erich Honecker seems like a small price to pay. *Perestroika* is worth a Mass.

The thread of the Soviet Union's and, more narrowly, Gorbachev's self-interest runs through other recent démarches. When Eduard Shevardnadze admitted that the Krasnoyarsk radar station was "an open violation" of the ABM treaty, it was, and was meant to appear to be, an astonishing admission. The quid for this quo, however, is supposed to be our abandonment of SDI. Similarly, when Shevardnadze said that, in invading Afghanistan, "we went against general human values," the "we" he had in mind was not himself and his boss, but Brezhnev & Co., now known in official rhetoric as "the period of stagnation."

And yet, it looks as if Gorbachev's ends are being shaped by more than his own rough-hewing. The process rolls with a momentum of its own. Too many tactical withdrawals begin to have a strategic effect. It was obvious, long before Gorbachev, that Communism as a system was intellectually and practically bankrupt, a failure even on its own terms. Now, however, the Soviets tacitly, and even openly, admit the fact. (Why let your satellites do it their way, if your way is the way of history?) The long-range impact on hosts of people—Third World would-be caudillos, European pols, American academics—is bound to be major. It will lag, but it will come. The few remaining Communists of the old school—Honecker, while he was still around; Castro; Alexander Cockburn—see this quite clearly, whence their rage. It's like being told by the snotty kid a grade ahead of you that there's no Santa Claus.

Our best course is to continue in the firmness that has brought our enemies to this pass. Say that we are distressed to learn that you found the ABM treaty so onerous. So have we (though, naturally, we didn't break it). That is why we will continue to develop SDI, and to bring it on stream as it becomes available. Say that we are glad you acknowledge your decade-long violation of human values in Afghanistan. That is why we will aid the *mujahedin* until the Kabul government is gone. Say that, given your respect for human rights, we hope and expect that you and John Paul II will be able to work out an arrangement whereby the Ukrainian Uniate Church, the largest suppressed religion in the world, will be able to enjoy freedom of worship. Say that the relations between yourself and Estonia, Latvia, and Lithuania are the business of the peoples involved; but you must know that for half a century we have not recognized your illegal occupation of those countries, and we will continue not to recognize it, for another half-century, if necessary.

Above all, keep our powder dry. The revolutions of 1848 were crushed—by Russian troops, as it happens. The same could conceivably happen again, post Gorbachev, or in some incarnation of Gorbachev II. "Our freedom is an illusion," said Gyula Obersovszky, a veteran of 1956, in Budapest, "until Moscow becomes free." We're not there yet.

Catastrophic Politics

THE OLD tax-and-spend formula just doesn't work any more. About 30 per cent of the elderly either can't or don't buy any extra insurance for major health-care expenses not covered by Medicare, while the rest shop for the deal that suits them best. So Congress decided a uniform, nationalized "catastrophic health care" system just had to be imposed on everybody. And the traditional New Deal vote-maximizing strategy naturally meant shoving the costs onto a relatively small group with decent incomes (they're expendable Republicans anyway), so that those who might grumble about the added taxes would be outnumbered by those who were promised a free lunch. The hope was to sneak up on the docile "higher-income" elderly, starting with a

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

15 per cent surtax on any elderly person who owed even $150 in income tax. The maximum tax of $1,600 per couple would have initially affected only about 5 per cent of the seniors, so Congress figured it could easily handle their wrath. By 1993, the surtax would have jumped to 28 per cent, and a fifth of the elderly would face the maximum tax of $2,100 on any couple with an income of about $65,000—an income of precarious comfort in the major cities even now, let alone four years from now.

As it happened, these older sheep proved not so easy to fleece. The protests were appropriately loud and angry. James Roosevelt, FDR's son, led a protest campaign by a group of 5.5 million elderly voters. Ways and Means Chairman Dan Rostenkowski was so intimidated by elderly constituents, who nearly threatened him with catastrophic injury, that his committee quickly proposed soaking the elderly poor too—by doubling the tax on those with incomes *below* $15,000.

That apparently was the last straw. On October 4 the House voted 360 to 66 to repeal the program and the surtax. Two days later the Senate concurred, 99 to zero, on the surtax, keeping only that part of the program that covered hospital costs.

Even if this healthy tax revolt could somehow have been ignored, seniors would surely have retaliated by simply not earning or reporting the income that is supposed to be subject to the surtax. Already, the Commerce Department figures that some 27 per cent of pension income is not reported to the tax collectors, plus a much larger chunk of rental income received by seniors, not to mention unreported interest and dividends. And those who expected to be subject to the surtax because they currently continue working after age 65, such as older physicians, would have had a very powerful incentive to simply retire earlier, thus shrinking income- and payroll-tax receipts (and the supply of doctors).

There is no need to soak older people for a grandiose scheme they don't want, or even for parts of that scheme that are readily available from private insurers at a lower cost. Scuttle the tax and scrap the whole idea.

Secretary Baker's Almanac

When the vine is rotting
  And the fruit hangs sere,
Cuttings for re-potting
  Help it persevere,
Just as Mr. Baker's
  Husbandry will aid
Gorbachev's sick acres
  Inside his stockade.

W. H. VON DREELE

Mr. Ortega's Gaffe

DANIEL ORTEGA has many faults but one virtue: he blurts out what everyone knows to be true but tactfully avoids noticing. At the Costa Rican "summit" of 17 Western Hemisphere leaders, he announced that the Sandinista regime would abandon its ceasefire with the Contras. But there is not now, and never has been, a Sandinista ceasefire with the Contras. There have been public declarations of a ceasefire, but the fighting has continued unabated. All that has ceased is media interest, congressional concern, and, of course, U.S. military aid to the Nicaraguan resistance. Mr. Ortega's announcement marked no change; it predicted the status quo.

What, then, was its purpose? The best speculation suggests that Mr. Ortega wanted to push the U.S. into withdrawing humanitarian aid as well, and so into dissolving the Contras as a fighting force. That done, if the Sandinistas had then "postponed" the February 25 election, or even lost it but held onto power, there would have been no ready-made resistance to their despotic rule. And given the Contras' experience of congressional infidelity to U.S. allies, starting up a new force would have been a gargantuan task.

Each of the 17 leaders in San José had been aware of these facts but preferred the Sandinista repression to continue under the ceasefire disguise. When Mr. Ortega committed his gaffe, they were shocked, *shocked*, to discover that repression was going on in Nicaragua. So was Congress. So was the *New York Times*. A further tranche of humanitarian aid now looks assured, and Daniel Ortega is suggesting that the "ceasefire" might hold after all.

Which is nice but, as Bishop Butler said: "Things and actions are what they are, and the consequences of them will be what they will be; why then should we desire to be deceived?"

Privacy for the Dead?

THE FUROR over the Reverend Ralph Abernathy's autobiography, *And the Walls Came Tumbling Down*, continues at high pitch, with other associates and devotees of Martin Luther King Jr. attacking Abernathy for his revelation that King spent the night before his murder chasing women.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The strongest argument—when Abernathy isn't simply being abused—is that even historical figures are entitled to posthumous privacy.

That King was an adulterer has already been acknowledged by his several biographers. Whether Abernathy added anything of compelling historical necessity by filling in certain details is a fair question, one that isn't easy to answer.

Setting aside the ugly invective it has given rise to, the controversy does remind us usefully, given the blur the Sixties have become, that the civil-rights movement was not of a piece with the sexual revolution. Those who revere King and resent Abernathy's exposures not only want a cherished icon preserved; they adhere to the same traditional moral code King himself espoused, and never challenged. Their outrage deserves respect. So, in a way, does King's shame at his failings.

Abernathy's book, only a small part of which deals with this touchy subject, may be defensible. But those who defend it on the grounds that King's fault was only a peccadillo do no service to the people who revere him as a man of God.

Dog Bites Man

HAD THE data moved ever so slightly in the other direction, it would have been page-one news. Instead the official poverty figures, buried by the press, showed that the number of Americans living below the official poverty line fell last year, just as it has each year since 1983. The same Census Bureau survey reported per-capita income in 1988 reached a record $13,123, the sixth year running in which income growth outpaced inflation. (Real income fell during most of the decade preceding the Reagan recovery.) Real per-capita income of blacks in 1988 rose more than twice as fast as the national average, and black married couples enjoyed a startling 6.8 per cent real increase in median income, to $30,390. Even the old line about the rising economic tide not raising all boats appears, upon inspection, unsupportable: although the *share of total income* going to the poorest two-fifths of families has fallen since 1980, the *average income* of this group is nearly 10 per cent higher now than at the start of the decade.

What Now, Mr. Bush?

When Señor Ortega arrived on the scene
In orange bandana and cavalry green,
It should have occurred to the President that
He wasn't dressed up as a Halloween cat.

W. H. VON DREELE

Unbanned in Johannesburg?

POLITICAL change moves on apace in South Africa, no less headily, or confusedly, than in the Communist bloc. The African National Congress is still a "banned organization"; but last week it was permitted to stage a huge rally in a Johannesburg soccer stadium to welcome the eight ANC leaders released from prison. The government, faced with the need to abolish the last vestiges of apartheid but also with the cautionary examples of dictatorship and economic collapse in South Africa's neighbors to the north, is obviously trying to gauge what degree of change will decrease tension—and what degree might create a dangerous revolution of rising expectations.

One card the government holds: even some fairly radical blacks have also noticed the economic effects of doctrinaire socialism. They will say, when it is pointed out to them that blacks in South Africa are much better off economically than blacks elsewhere in Africa, that they don't want to be compared with blacks elsewhere in Africa, they want to be compared with South African whites. Hence the point of an editorial in the Johannesburg newspaper *Business Day* which said that the government's best hope is to unban some of these Marxist organizations (though not their military arms) and engage them in debate. If they start being seen not as martyrs, but as purveyors of nostrums that are collapsing everywhere else in the world, there may yet be a way to foster genuine change while avoiding the fate of Rhodesia.

Mary McCarthy, RIP

AS OFTEN happens in the case of intellectuals, Mary McCarthy's non-fiction was superior to her fiction. Her lucid and relentless ego did not comfortably submit, if it submitted at all, to the relaxation of the sense of self, the "negative capability," that must come into play when a novelist sees *other* people, if only as in a dream, and lets them be. The powerful novelists create worlds, real ones, that exist only in their pages, as in Fitzgerald's dream of Gatsby's Long Island, or Faulkner's dream of Yoknapatawpha County. Within one sentence, you know you're there.

To be sure, Mary McCarthy wrote many novels.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

But, tellingly, they tended to stick close to the facts of her life. *The Group* (1963) won her a wide audience. For many of her fans *The Company She Keeps* (1942) and *A Charmed Life* (1955) had more vitality, though they remain in the genre of the *roman à clef*. *The Groves of Academe* (1952) is a delicious satire on the "progressive" college.

As might well be expected, her straightforward autobiographical writings are superior in power to her half-fictions. Her early theater reviews for *Partisan Review* are as clever and biting as Randall Jarrell's poetry reviews, and for about the same reasons. Alfred Kazin went too far when he said that she had a purely destructive genius; but he was close to the mark, and, often, destruction is a healthy necessity. Still, many people found her too formidable, and males who had any tentativeness of personality found her paralyzing.

Her intelligence took time out when she wrote a genuinely asinine book about her visit to Hanoi in 1968, but, then, intelligence was in short enough supply in those days.

She had a diamond-like beauty, black Irish, that remained even as she grew old and grey. She died of cancer, at 77, in New York.

Sir Anthony Quayle, RIP

Sir Anthony Quayle wasn't terribly well known to Americans: they knew him mostly from his subordinate roles in such films as *Lawrence of Arabia* and *The Guns of Navarone*, or from his few but triumphant stage appearances here—in *Sleuth*, for example, and Brecht's *Galileo*. The English were luckier. They could see him on the boards as Falstaff, Petruchio, Henry V, Macbeth, Antony, Aaron (in *Titus Andronicus*), and Shaw's Jack Tanner. He brought to these roles, and dozens of others, a powerful frame, a magnificent voice, and a versatile technique. He made an even greater success as a director at the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre at Stratford-on-Avon. In his politics he was robustly conservative, an excellent thing in an actor. But it was in his art that he held his own in the era that included Olivier, Gielgud, Guinness, Richardson, Scofield, Redgrave, Hordern, and Burton, until his final exit at age 76.

NOTES & ASIDES

In our November 10 issue we published an editorial under the title, "Peggy Noonan Grosses Out." It was a severe criticism of the publicity fetched up by Peggy Noonan, former speechwriter for former President Ronald Reagan, in the *New York Times Magazine*. The editorial, and the ensuing furor, suggest that it is time to reassert one editorial point, and to revise an editorial position.

The unsigned editorial, in any journal, represents, broadly speaking, the views of "management." That can be the publisher, or the editor, or the stockholders. It is generally assumed that an editorial also represents the views of senior editors.

In fact, often this is not the case. A famous historical example involved the *New York Times* when, in October 1952, Arthur Hays Sulzberger pushed the button that said: "Come out for Dwight Eisenhower for President." This was a commitment Mr. Sulzberger had made to the Eisenhower movement back when it was fighting against Robert Alphonso Taft for the soul of the Republican Party. But between the time the commitment was made and the time for its execution, Adlai Stevenson was born, and lo! the shepherds crowded round about the new liberal incarnation. None of the twenty-odd editors of the *New York Times* consented to write an editorial in favor of Dwight Eisenhower—so Mr. Sulzberger had to hire a freelancer. The *"New York Times"* came out for Eisenhower. The whole of the senior staff of the editorial department was for Stevenson.

Such anomalies, here depicting a lopsided polarization, happen. There are occasions when, at NATIONAL REVIEW, we publish editorials which do not represent the thinking of all the editors. When editors are genuinely provoked by such occurrences, they have (uniquely) the privilege of asking for an "Open Question." That is a column in which the dissenter gives the reasons for disagreeing with the editorial position taken by the journal with which he is associated.

The editorial against Miss Noonan was pretty severe, and it is worth while pausing to explain why. Our position dates back to the publication by the late Emmet John Hughes of a volume in which he described what life had been like working as a speechwriter for Dwight Eisenhower—who was still in office. President Eisenhower blew his famous lid, and let it be known that he considered that Hughes was guilty of violating professional confidences. We thought Ike's position both traditional and defensible, and have ever since tut-tutted the identification of speechwriters associated with any one presidential address. One of our senior editors has served as a presidential speechwriter and left no fingerprints. I have never identified the two speeches I have written for senior public figures.

But times have changed. Pat Buchanan writes us in his capacity as the man who "urged that Peggy Noonan be named to head [the Reagan speechwriting shop] when Ben Elliott resigned." He goes on to

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

praise the quality of her work (never questioned in our editorial) and goes on to say, "On any famous speech," the press will identify its author. And adds, "now that the Reagan Administration is over, she [Miss Noonan] has the same right to publish her record of 'the way it was' as did Ted Sorensen, Richard Goodwin, Bill Safire, and Ray Price."

It was Bently Elliott who first hired Miss Noonan, and he makes another interesting point, challenging a point in our editorial. He quotes Miss Noonan's article in the *Times*: "Speechwriting in the Reagan White House was where the philosophical, ideological, and political tensions of the Administration got worked out." This sentence had struck us as vainglorious. Mr. Elliott explains:

"Read in . . . context, once competing views on policy were 'worked out' on that battleground called speechwriting, they were presented to the American people, often for the first time. Thus, to say that speechwriting was where the Administration got invented is, in fact, a shorthanded way of describing what often happened—even though that's not to say that Peggy Noonan is claiming personal credit for the tax cuts, SDI, Grenada, or anything else." And he closes, "Peggy Noonan was deeply devoted and personally loyal to Ronald Reagan. She helped to make a great man greater; so if, along the way, she has also reaped a small share of the credit, what's wrong with that?"

And, finally, witness for the plaintiff, Miss Noonan. "When you folks called me in an editorial a person of low moral character who'd steal the silverware, etc., it went into Nexis; meaning that for the rest of my life I am going to be haunted by those words. When and if I am written of in the future, the inevitable fourth paragraph is going to be, 'Scorned by those even on her own political side as "a person of low moral character," Noonan nonetheless went on to . . .' I feel sure you did not intend to so brand me for the rest of my life. But you did. And I think it is fair to ask you to break with what is your journal's tradition on these things and, in another editorial, retract those words; or apologize for them. . . . Perhaps some day you will go to lunch with me and tell me over a good bottle of wine which I certainly hope you pay for why you find me so reprehensible."

Well, we write with a trace of a smile. Speechwriter Noonan, in suggesting we meant that her character was literally that of a silverware thief, is treating us as she was trained to treat adamant U.S. Democrats. And she must know, as any practicing author knows, that Nexis does not really bother to log editorial animadversions: if it did, the editor-in-chief of this journal would need only to type n-e-x-i-s, to drown in the excreta.

But Miss Noonan is right to come in on the point made by Mr. Buchanan, which is that standards have indeed changed, and that which was considered confidential a generation ago, which is when NATIONAL REVIEW began, no longer is. Accordingly, we here and now revise our editorial position toward speechwriters who tell Nexis which speeches, paragraphs, and phrases they wrote. This sounds sarcastic, but we do not mean it so. If it's okay with their employers—and we have heard no complaints from Mr. Reagan—let it be. Our friend and editorial associate Professor John Roche has told us that LBJ would personally dismember a speechwriter who identified himself/herself with a particular document. But LBJ was an uptight guy, and we are living now in a world with a thousand points of light, in which we deal with one another more gently, more kindly. Miss Noonan's wine is in the cellar, cooling off; ready for her, when she matches its temperature. **—WFB**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

No Matter How Many Pieces Of Luggage You Own, We Guarantee You'll Use This Bag The Most.

Order up to Dec. 21st for special Federal Express Xmas delivery!

To Prove It, We'll Bet You $100 in Cash!

Genuine Leather Bag Available for just three Installments of $45.50.

$100 says this is the bag you'll use the most! In fact, we doubt you'll ever travel without it! We're that confident because this new patchwork leather bag by Kluge is a traveler's dream. Here's why we can make this incredible offer...

Amazingly Expandable — Spacious, Convenient.

The new leather bag by Kluge collapses to fit under an airline seat with all you need for an overnight ...yet expands to hold everything for a week-long stay! It's light as any bag you've ever carried...and elegant, too.

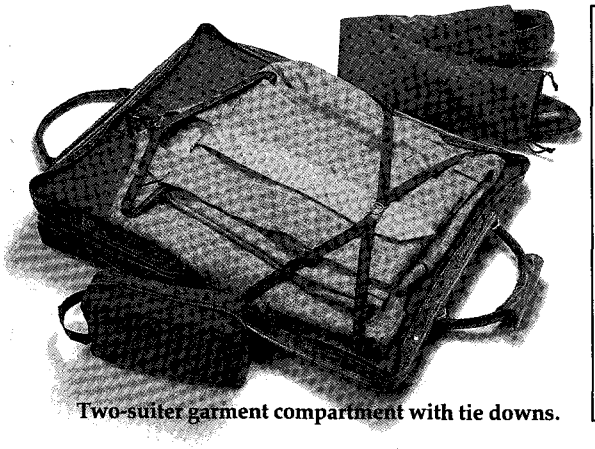
The exclusive new design keeps your shirts from crushing, your suits neatly pressed — all in one good looking, lightweight carry-on bag. Even has separate places for your shoes, dirty laundry, and toiletries. The ingenious expanding compartments let you replace three standard luggage pieces with this amazing new Kluge bag!

Sensational value! Payable in three monthly installments of just $45.50 each!

Our direct-to-you price is just $129. And three monthly payments of only $45.50 can be charged to your credit card. (The total of your payments will be $129 plus $7.50 shipping and handling, or $136.50*.) There are no middlemen. No extra markups. This new Kluge is an exclusive new design available uniquely through this offer.

No Risk Guarantee. Order now!

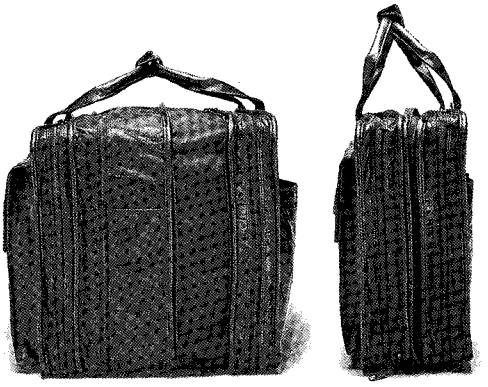
Order now at absolutely no risk. If you're not completely satisfied that the new Kluge is everything we promise, return it within 30 days for a full refund. And if it's not the bag you most use after one year, we'll pay you $100 — and you keep the bag! Just let us know. Order the best bag you'll ever use — today!



Two-suiter garment compartment with tie downs.

Unbeatable Features of This Exclusive Kluge Bag

- Wide, padded, detachable shoulder strap.
- Comfortable, padded carrying grip.
- Hardened plastic feet.
- Three zippered central compartments.
- Long-lasting hardware.
- Zippered "secret" compartments.
- Easy-to-open outer pouches.
- Removable shoes and toiletries bags.



Ingenious expanding compartments expand for longer trips, collapse to a compact 21" x 13" x 8" for overnights.

Send mail orders to:

LUGGAGE DIRECT
47 Richards Avenue
Norwalk, Conn. 06857

© 1989 MBI

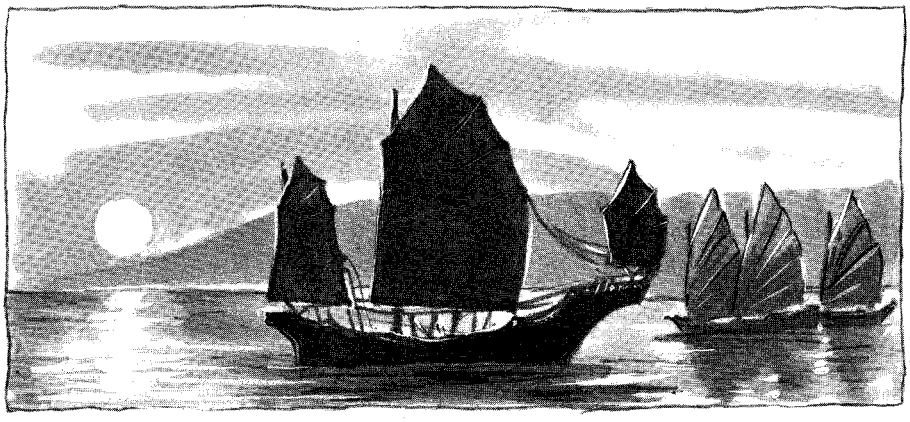
Orders shipped UPS within two business days.
*Residents of these states please add the following to include state sales tax: CA–6%, CT–8%, NY–4%, TN–7¾%.

Call Now!
TOLL-FREE 1-800-367-4534
Extension 655
(Phone Mon.-Fri. 8:30 A.M.-10:00 P.M., Sat. 9-5 Eastern Time)
All orders subject to acceptance.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Long Goodbye

RICHARD BROOKHISER



Jennifer Lawson

HONG KONG—The Rolls Royces still fill the forecourt of the Peninsula Hotel, waiting to ferry guests to and from the airport. The Sikh guard, hawk-nosed and hirsute, still sits outside the art-nouveau Luk Yu Tea House on Stanley Street. And the cityscape still bristles with ungainly new office buildings—newest and ungainliest: I. M. Pei's Bank of China—which somehow fail to mar one of nature's loveliest settings. Yet at their backs Hong Kongers hear time's winged chariot hurrying toward 1997, when one of the most libertarian regimes on earth will give way to one of the most oppressive. Their minds are fixed on refugee problems—their own, down the road; and that of the Vietnamese boat people, which is on their doorstep.

The one-hundredth-day anniversary of the Tiananmen Square massacre was marked by a nighttime rally-*cum*-concert in Victoria Park. Wuer Kaixi, the exiled Chinese student leader, addressed it by telephone hookup. Organizers claimed an attendance of a hundred thousand; the cops estimated fifty thousand—fewer than the million-strong multitude that turned out in the wake of the massacre itself, but a sizable and concerned crowd nonetheless. Szeto Wah, the prime mover behind the commemoration, had been branded as a counterrevolutionary in the Chinese press a few weeks earlier, along with Martin Lee, another liberal Hong Kong politician. Since "counterrevolutionary" is a name reserved in China for future dead people, there is legitimate cause for concern.

Hong Kong liberals hope to confront the coming totalitarian behemoth with the *fait accompli* of a functioning democratic system. A proposal endorsed by 32 of Hong Kong's councillors, or legislators, in July called for one-third of their number to be directly elected by 1991, increasing to one-half four years later. This runs against the instincts of local "conservatives" (that is, businessmen), who flourished under the benign despotism of British civil servants. It was also condemned in September in Peking, where a senior official accused locals of "us[ing] democracy to resist Communist China." Well, yes, but that was the whole point.

If Communism can't be softened by constitution-writing, then the only other alternative is emigration. The day before the Victoria Park rally, Martin Lee was in Britain, attending the annual conference of the Social Democratic Party in Brighton. The Social Democrats, alone of the major parties, endorse the right of Hong Kongers holding British territorial passports to reside in Britain. The prospect of easy and legal escape is obviously the best guarantee against Chinese maltreatment Hong Kong could have. The government remains unmoved, however, while the Labour Party seems to fear the economic competition of lesser breeds. Britain's notion of boosting Hong Kong's confidence is to send Charles and Di to open a cultural center on the Kowloon waterfront in November. The British are great believers in visits as a source of confidence. Sir Geoffrey Howe went for an inspirational walk through a Chinese neighborhood here in the spring. Unfortunately, a store he chose to enter displayed a sign in Chinese announcing that the owners were decamping to Australia.

Those who can afford other forms of egress prepare them. Canada is the most popular destination. Less obvious places—Jamaica, Belize, even Transkei—are wooing Hong Kongers actively. Hong Kongers make jokes about their plight: stores offer a variant of the Cabbage Patch Doll, the Rice Paddy Baby ("We want to emigrate! Will you sponsor me?"), complete with resident-alien card. As the skilled flee, the level of English spoken by those who remain slides. When I first visited Hong Kong in 1981, English-speaking Hong Kongers—a minority, to be sure—spoke the language fluently. The tongue is now approaching the kind of grammarless jabber you hear in Bangkok or Taipei.

Given its own bleak prospects, it is ironic that Hong Kong is so tough on the boat people who need help now. More than 42,000 Vietnamese who had the misfortune to float here after June 1988, when Hong Kong toughened up its refugee laws, sit in camps, awaiting a decision as to whether they are "political" or "economic" refugees. If they are lucky enough to qualify as the former, they may stay in Hong Kong pending resettlement elsewhere. If they turn out to be the latter, they'll go back.

This iron policy is if anything milder than popular sentiment. You get the impression that the average Hong Kong Firster would put all the boat people back out to sea tomorrow.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The more charitable would allow them boats with solid hulls. A thousand residents of the New Territories, neighbors of a proposed campsite, clogged roads and harbors with slow-moving vehicles and craft, to demand that no Vietnamese be allowed to stay for any reason. A letter to the editor of the *South China Morning Post* accused the boat people of "obstreperous and loutish behavior . . . unbearable in a civilized society such as Hong Kong." The United Nations High Commission for Refugees and the Hong Kong government have received death threats on account of their excessive softness.

It is true that the camps have been plagued by violence. At the end of August, Hong Kong police fled a mob of rampaging Vietnamese who had been crammed onto the islet of Tai Ah Chau. A week later, there was a riot in a camp at Sek Kong on the mainland; the Queen's Gurkha Engineers were dispatched to search for concealed weapons. It's true the conditions would make anyone riotous: inmates at Tai Ah Chau had to use the beach instead of (non-existent) toilet facilities, and outbreaks of cholera and dysentery ensued.

Humanitarian clucking over the situation is not appreciated. In response to American protests, Francis Blackwell, chairman of the Refugee Status Review Board, blamed America for having "devastated" Vietnam in the first place.

All very unedifying. Just as boys who are walloped by their parents turn around and torture puppies, Hong Kong is meting out today what it most fears in its future. Just claims should not be forfeited on account of bad behavior. But Hong Kong's treatment of the Vietnamese doesn't make its own case any stronger. Maybe someone should market Boat People Babies. □

Blowing in the Wind

JOHN R. COYNE JR.

Tim Bower

CHICAGO—It's autumn now, and when Andre Dawson played Casey at the Bat in San Francisco, Chicagoans packed it in for another year. They're promising us a hell of a winter, perhaps of the 1978–79 variety, when political empires toppled and the divorce rate tripled.

But while it lasted, it was quite a summer. For one thing, the Cubs knocked the Mets out of contention in the National League East, thereby winning a crucial battle in the President's war on drugs. For another, the Wrigley Restaurant, one of the last of the city's uniquely elegant restaurant-saloons, closed its doors. And Governor James Thompson—born in Chicago in 1936, the year the Wrigley opened—decided not to run for a fifth term in 1990, leaving the political field wide open for candidates who make it sane, sober, and still married through the winter.

According to one analyst here, Thompson's departure will leave Illinois like France without de Gaulle. Well, perhaps. De Gaulle was tall, and so is Thompson. But aside from Salan and some confused Algerians, most people generally knew, when de Gaulle stood tall, where he was standing. With Thompson, the position has been harder to locate.

Some conservative Republicans react to Thompson in much the way they reacted to John Lindsay or Nelson Rockefeller. One of them, a committed and otherwise thoughtful conservative spokesman, in one succinct sentence called Thompson an obscenity-deleted governor, a "Democrat in disguise," a "boot-licking lackey for organized labor," and "the King Herod of the anti-life movement." Those less ideologically committed, however, tend to conclude that Thompson, although not measuring up to early expectations, has been an effective and competent governor.

He inherited, in 1976, a state in which the legislature and the executive branch, goaded on by Governor Dan Walker's erratic performance, were at each other's throats. Applying a strong dose of his shambling, aw-shucks, aggressive-sheep-dog style, he ended the feuding between the two branches.

With one eye on the media—as when, in the early days, he rode a horse into the state-capitol rotunda and gave his Irish setter, Guv, equal billing with the anchorpersons on the evening news—Thompson took Illinois through two recessions, a major shift in the international economy, and a series of rigorous adjustments required by a collapsing farm economy. His economic-development policy is slowly but steadily drawing foreign investment to Illinois. He has attracted joint ventures from abroad and encouraged the development of alternative uses for agricultural products. And he helped cajole the White Sox into staying in Chicago. As he leaves office, state revenue growth is strong. Bills have been paid, and the legislative coffers are full.

Through it all, Thompson has even managed to keep an unwritten peace treaty with Chicago in somewhat uneasy effect. Thompson is, of course, the leader of the Republican Party in Illinois. But in Chicago, it's Democrats that win elections, and Thompson has not been subtle in his support for Mayor Daley—and before that, albeit much more quietly, for Harold Washington. (This, incidentally, despite the 1987 mayoral candidacy of Donald Haider, an articulate, intelligent, personable, and even sane Chicago Republican.)

Thompson may or may not have helped deliver the coup de grace to whatever was left of the Cook County Republican Party organization. But many Republicans who do business in Chicago believe he has handled the city as well as can be expected. And they give him high marks for working

Mr. Coyne, a former presidential speechwriter, works for a major corporation in Chicago.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

RIGHT DATA

Killer Regulations

HERE, IN NO particular order, are a few laws and regulations without which more of us could live:

1. *Tort Law.* The fear of lawsuits forced 50 per cent of U.S. vaccine manufacturers to cease production between 1965 and 1985, according to liability expert Peter Huber. By 1986 the nation depended on a single supplier for vaccines against polio, rubella, measles, mumps, and rabies. The unbridled right to sue for accident damages has stymied innovation in medicine, pesticides, contraceptives, hazardous-waste disposal, small planes, and cars, while costing Americans at least $80 billion per year in direct payments and insurance costs, according to Huber.

2. *Average Fuel Economy Standards.* In response to a perceived energy crisis, Congress mandated that each car company increase the average fuel efficiency of its fleet—to 26.5 miles per gallon in 1989. Since compliance is based on the average car sold, automakers have simply raised the prices of big cars, forcing consumers to purchase the more efficient, less safe smaller cars. By one estimate the 1989 standards will cause between 2,200 and 3,900 additional fatalities, along with 10,000 to 20,000 serious injuries. As for energy conservation, each gallon of gas saved will end up costing us four dollars.

3. *The DDT Ban.* DDT was misused. It probably did, as the environmentalists charge, thin the eggshells of eagles and peregrine falcons. But it was the one cheap pesticide available, credited with stopping typhus in Europe, controlling malaria in the Third World, and increasing agricultural production throughout the world. And the newer pesticides are considerably more toxic to man: in 1985 the number of accidental poisoning incidents involving pesticides was 14 per cent higher than it was in 1973 when DDT was in use, according to a study published in the *American Journal of Public Health.*

4. *FDA Regulations.* Under pressure from AIDs sufferers and others the Food and Drug Administration (FDA) has relented somewhat on its screening procedures for new drugs. But not nearly enough. Last December, for example, the FDA completed a high-priority review of the ulcer drug misoprostol in "only" nine months. More than seven thousand Americans died of gastric-ulcer bleeding during this period, almost all of whom would probably have been saved by the drug.

5. *Proposition 65.* California's Proposition 65, passed in 1986, requires warning labels on over two hundred "carcinogens," defined so broadly as to include chemicals which would put individuals at risk only if exposure had been maintained for an entire lifetime. The possible effects on other, more likely modes of dying are overlooked. For example, chlorine, listed as carcinogenic, is used to prevent a much more relevant danger, the risk to children of food poisoning from nonchlorinated milk.

—ED RUBENSTEIN

behind the scenes with Mayor Daley and House Speaker Mike Madigan of Chicago to bring off the sleight-of-hand tax increase that made Chicago's unprecedented public-school reform program possible.

The accomplishments in this and related areas are real. But they are, as has been the case since the earliest days, accomplishments of persuasion and personality—by definition, private accomplishments, with no discernible political, philosophical, or ideological underpinning. In his first race, having built an admirable record as a federal prosecutor, Thompson was viewed as a hard-nosed Republican reformer in a corrupt state, potentially hostile to all special-interest blandishments. But when he was re-elected in 1986, he had the endorsement both of business leaders and of the AFL-CIO. He also had the quintessentially unlucky opponent, Adlai E. Stevenson III, an "ideological sourpuss," as one writer put it, who was blindsided by LaRouchies, thrown by his own horse, and reportedly bitten by his own dog.

But the point here is not luck; rather, it's how do you go about imparting a legacy, when your record is built solely on personality?

The obverse of that question is now being faced by the two contenders for Thompson's job. If you can't run on the substance of your predecessor's record because it can't be defined, and you can't dissociate yourself from it because you might step on some invisible toes, then what do you do? So far, the answer seems to be that you shadowbox and try to stay out of the way of your own punches.

Thompson's anointed Republican successor is Jim Edgar, the Illinois Secretary of State, who, although pro-choice in Phyllis Schlafly's home state, otherwise gets passing grades from conservatives for consistency and firmness. His Democratic opponent is Attorney General Neill Hartigan, who it is said takes his marching orders from Speaker Mike Madigan.

So far, both candidates have talked a lot about new faces and new ideas for a new century. But the fact is that neither face is particularly fresh, both men having been immersed in regular Illinois politics since the early 1970s.

Neither candidate likes taxes, but neither will specifically criticize the most recent hikes, and neither likes drugs—or, presumably, takes them. So far, the only non-blue-sky action has been on the abortion issue. Edgar has won no friends on the Right for his pro-choice position, and many right-to-lifers would go to war for a candidate like, say, Donald Rumsfeld. But Edgar apparently has the nomination locked up, and he is given grudging credit for being consistent and forthright in his position.

Not so Hartigan, who tends to certain Hamlet-like fits and starts. After the requisite soul-searching plus a bit more, he came up with a modified pro-choice position of his own. However, pro-choicers thought he'd searched too long and found his position suspiciously gooey, while right-to-lifers were angered by what they saw as inconsistency with his past performance in federal courtrooms. And now Hartigan is involved as Attorney General in a well-publicized and protracted abortion-clinic case before the U.S. Supreme Court, the resolution of which will please neither side. In the meantime, Hartigan seems in the odd position of carrying on a divisive public debate with himself.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

At the moment, Hartigan's best hope may be Senator Paul Simon, who will be heading up the 1990 Democratic ticket in the state. According to the polls Simon's coattails are much longer today than they were a year ago, when it was felt that his premature run for the Presidency was personally and politically insulting to Jesse Jackson. But Jackson's move to D.C. and the perceived cronyism implicit in his initial stance on school reform have badly undercut his claim to favorite-son status as a serious presidential candidate.

Nor does Simon's announced Republican opponent, Representative Lynn Martin, appear up to the task of unseating him, even though the Republican National Committee has sent in Roger Ailes and Robert Teeter to try to lead a desperation charge. Early on, Representative Martin shot herself in the foot by referring to downstate voters as "rednecks," thereby allowing Simon, a downstate intellectual, to woo the redneck vote with justifiable indignation. (Miss Martin's campaign is nicely captured by a cartoon in *Crain's Chicago Business* which shows her bending over a baby carriage. The caption is "Lynn Martin on the Campaign Trail." Candidate Martin is saying: "My, what an *ugly* baby.")

But Thompson is not expected to involve himself significantly in any of the 1990 contests. Rumors still swirl around him, as they did from his first day in office, when an aide observed that the only next step was the White House, and many in the media agreed. A few here believe that he may yet be offered the Vice Presidency in a second Bush run. Others believe he is in line to succeed Richard Thornburgh, who once gave us Richard S. Schweiker and is now reportedly similarly confused at Justice. Other high federal appointments are also mentioned, among them the Supreme Court. But the smart money says that he'll take one of those offers from Chicago law firms eager to use his name, and spend some time making money.

What will he be remembered for? He did consistently pick all-star players for his team, high-potential people like Dan Webb and Sam Skinner, who have gone on to bigger things. He also ran a clean administration in a state not noted for political punctiliousness. And like Nelson Rockefeller, he'll probably be remembered for some structures he built—the State of Illinois building, for instance, with its large Dubuffet sculpture in the plaza, which many of Chicago's indigent mistake for a homeless hostel and washroom.

In the end, Thompson, again like Rockefeller, proved to be a political pragmatist, no doubt discovering a few years into his administration that big-state coalition building, unattached to philosophy or principle, is seldom transferrable nationally. Hence the failure to try for higher office.

It was a lesson that Ronald Reagan could have taught him, and a lesson that Mario Cuomo may be learning soon. Pragmatists seldom leave footprints, especially in places where the wind is always blowing out. □

No More Mañana

ROBERT S. STROTHER

Jennifer Lawson

CUERNAVACA—*Presidencialismo* is the uniquely Mexican political system by which a retiring president, who is *ex officio* head of the ruling Partido Revolucionario Institucional (PRI), picks from among the party faithful a man to succeed him. Party chieftains invariably ratify the choice, and the chosen one, after completing the charade by campaigning strenuously in all 31 states, is invariably elected. For the next six years he will be a nearly absolute dictator. He appoints all high federal officials and picks all state governors and big-city mayors, and fires any one of them who happens to displease him. No sparrow falls, or rises, without his consent.

Carlos Salinas de Gortari, Mexico's new president, is a product of the system, but with a difference. Almost from the moment he was sworn in last December 1, he has been using his broad presidential powers to reform the system that elected him. His great task is to rescue his country from the crises created by the folly and extravagance of two of his three immediate predecessors.

Salinas's main triumph in his first year in office has been winning sharp reductions in the $54 billion Mexico owes some 530 banks in the United States, Western Europe, and Japan. That victory was closely linked to another: the young president's success in establishing a warm rapport with President George Bush. Relations between the two countries have never been better. Bush and Treasury Secretary Nicholas F. Brady actively supported Mexico's demands for debt relief, putting it first on the list of Third World candidates for more help.

The cordiality extended to the U.S. Congress, which gave Salinas three standing ovations when he addressed a joint session on his recent visit to Washington. The prickly problem of Mexico's political and financial support for the Communist rulers of Cuba and Nicaragua never came up.

To the surprise of almost no one but Brady, however, the banks which agreed to forgive costly chunks of Mexican debt or to cut interest payments in half balked at granting new loans at bargain interest rates and with no collateral. Mexico apparently will have to look to the international lending agencies, or to the sale of state-owned businesses, for the fresh

Mr. Strother, a veteran journalist, is NR*'s man in Cuernavaca.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

funds needed to get the economy rolling again.

But if anyone can bring that off, it should be Salinas. While he was still Budget Secretary in the cabinet of Miguel de la Madrid, Salinas gained valuable experience in privatizing overstaffed, money-losing *parastatales* (government-run businesses). Of the 1,150 in existence when he started, he sold, merged, or abolished more than six hundred—though most of them small. Once in the presidential chair, he went after bigger game. He sold Mexicana de Aviación, a major airline, and is well on the way to disposing of several other big enterprises, including the dilapidated Teléfonos de México.

Salinas hopes that with such sales he can coax back an important part of the estimated $85 billion of Mexican capital that took flight when inflation began to rage. The debt-reduction agreement with the foreign banks had a highly beneficial effect on Mexico's $50-billion internal (*peso*) debt. During recent years the Banco de México has been obliged to pay extremely high interest rates on *Cetes*—treasury bonds—to avert the flight of still more billions. The annual interest rate on *Cetes* as of last July was 57 per cent. Immediately after the agreement was announced, it fell more than twenty points—still ruinously high, but a huge saving nevertheless. Although *Cetes* interest rates have been climbing again lately, the government reports the return since the debt accord of $2.3 billion of flight capital.

EXCEPT FOR a difference in scale, Salinas faces much the same problem in Mexico as Mikhail Gorbachev does in the Soviet Union: to modernize his country's failed economic and political systems over the strong opposition of important elements in his own long-ruling party. The Communist Party has been the government of the Soviet Union for more than seventy years; the PRI has been the government of Mexico for sixty. Swarms of privileged bureaucrats in each country see reform as an intolerable threat to their jobs. But the people are tired of seemingly pointless austerity and of political impotence. The Russians have rubles in their pockets but little to buy; Mexican stores, thanks to a liberalized import policy, are generally well stocked, but money is scarce. Each country once was self-supporting in foodstuffs; now each must import millions of tons of grain every year to avert famine. To cite one example of many, the Mexican government wrecked the country's dairy industry with policies that benefited consumers at the expense of producers; Mexico is now the world's largest importer of powdered milk.

Unlike Gorbachev, however, Salinas did not start out with the strong backing of his own party. His nomination was bitterly opposed by the party "old guard." The more emphatic dissidents broke away from the PRI and formed a new party, the Revolutionary Democratic Party (PRD), headed by Cuauhtémoc Cárdenas.

Aided by universal resentment over continuing high unemployment, a 60 per cent decline in purchasing power over the previous eight years, and appalling increases in both crime and police corruption, Cárdenas mounted a fierce challenge against Salinas, who managed to pull out a victory with 50.3 per cent of the vote, the lowest winning margin in PRI history. At his inauguration he was regarded as a weak "interim" president. But once in office he quickly changed that perception, moving decisively against union bosses, drug barons, and even corruption. Agents from the attorney general's office have arrested more than nine thousand federal employees in the last ten months on extortion or tax-evasion charges. They predict that another ten thousand will be arrested in coming months. It seems probable that if an election were held today Salinas would win handily. But the big question remains: Can he put through truly basic political as well as economic reforms?

The PRI has three main elements: the 3.6-million-strong Mexican Confederation of Labor (CTM), the equally numerous bureaucrats and employees of the many *parastatales*, and several million *ejidatarios* (farmers who live on tiny parcels of government land). The *ejidos* are the Mexican version of the Soviet *kolkhoz* (collective farms) and are equally inefficient. *Ejidos* occupy 70 per cent of Mexico's arable land, but produce 40 per cent or less of the crops. The *ejidatarios* are hungry, ragged, and resentful. Many have escaped to the U.S. and thousands of others are trying to do so. Some union leaders, meanwhile, are openly threatening to bolt the PRI for Cárdenas's PRD. The unions believe that, far from selling off *parastatales*, the government should take over the entire privately owned industrial establishment.

Salinas won added credibility abroad, but lost standing with the more reactionary elements in his own party, when he conceded defeat by the National Action Party (PAN) in the race for the governorship of Baja California in July. It was the first time ever that the PRI's oldest rival had been allowed to win such an office, and the PRI old guard took it hard, even when the loss was plainly too one-sided to cure by the traditional *alquimia electoral* (fraud).

Cárdenas's PRD claimed victory in a subsequent election in his home state of Michoacán, but the PRI majority on the election review board refused to allow it. Cárdenas's followers occupied more than one hundred city halls in protest. Salinas stood aside in an equally disputed election in the state of Sinaloa. All opposition parties insist that the PRI's built-in electoral advantage as the government party be eliminated. A legislative committee wrangled for weeks over that proposal without much progress.

MEXICO IS A HUGE country, three times as large as Texas. Its enormous resources include one of the world's largest petroleum reserves, minerals of all kinds, countless tourist attractions, lots of arable land, and long coastlines with a thriving fishing industry. It has a population of 82 million people, many of whom are young, industrious, and talented. There is a sound if largely outdated infrastructure of factories, highways, railways, and communications to speed development.

If President Salinas can win his battle for reform and give Mexico a real free-market democracy and a sound currency, the billions of dollars' worth of flight capital will return to help Mexico win its place as one of the successful nations of the free world. If Salinas fails, then the best to be hoped for may be expressed in the old saying, "Mexico is a country with a great future and always will be." □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE SECOND STAGE

Feminism Hits Middle Age

When the feminist movement was young, it rejected male protectiveness as patronizing. But now that it has reached middle age, it seeks the comforting embrace of the paternal state.

BARBARA AMIEL

TWO YEARS AGO, Oprah Winfrey was pulled up short. Miss Winfrey (a 1988 *Ms.* magazine Woman of the Year) discovered that one of the guests on her "Women: Life in the '80s" special, a Mrs. Janice Twede of Salt Lake City, Utah, actually owned a sewing machine. Miss Winfrey was pixilated.

MISS WINFREY: And to us, who work in this . . . that is a foreign thing, like a sewing machine? You own one? A sewing . . . and you use it?

MRS. TWEDE: You bet, every day.

MISS WINFREY: Every day? And you iron?

MRS. TWEDE: Every single day.

MISS WINFREY: I don't have an iron. So it's very interesting to know . . . so you wake up in the morning and you do what?

MRS. TWEDE: Whatever I decide to do that day. Some days . . . I iron for people on the side, so if I have somebody's ironing, I . . .

MISS WINFREY: You like to iron? . . . Oh my God. How many of you still iron in this audience? Oh my goodness! You iron? Oh my goodness, amazing, amazing, amazing.

It's unlikely that Mrs. Twede could keep a live interview show going to save her soul, a job Miss Winfrey does five days a week with impressive skill. Each to her own, of course. Still, a number of women are nearly as alien to the domestic ritual of the iron as Miss Winfrey, but would never react to it with her horror. We simply don't consider the iron an insult to our gender, any more than most men consider daily chores about the house an insult to theirs.

What intrigued me about this exchange was how perfectly it captured the first stage of feminism. In that early rapture, life was going to turn out ace for women if we could all just be treated exactly like men. Feminism simply wanted equality. Women wanted to be able to have credit in their own names, have an equal opportunity to become a plumber or President, and, please, please, not have to do the ironing.

This was the feminism of the Sixties, which yielded to the revisionism of the Eighties vividly reflected in the column of the *Chicago Tribune*'s Laura Kavesh, which goes by the apocalyptic title "Tales from the Front." In one of her columns, she describes a gathering of successful career women she attended in which the women put pillows underneath their clothes to get a sense of the elusive state of pregnancy. This is the little shock of recognition that equality isn't the whiz solution it appeared to be. Women are different from men. They dance to a biological imperative of babies and families and bonding. They may, in fact, want to iron.

THIS DISCOVERY, of course, gave us second-stage feminism, with no pretense of equal treatment but rather the pursuit of privilege to compensate for the great range of psycho-sexual differences between the genders. On one level its demands are rather touching. Germaine Greer, for example, is an immensely successful journalist. She remains an exceedingly attractive woman full of wit and spirit, whose manner is irredeemably young—though I suppose her waistline has thickened a little. She is fifty years old now and writing a book titled *The Change*, which is "not about the menopause but all the fundamental shifts in a woman's life at that time."

At this perilous stage the most innocuous activity can be fraught—especially for a feminist. Miss Greer goes out to get gasoline for her car and comes back a celibate. "One of the things that used to happen," she explains to me, "is that I would make a joke to the guy in the forecourt of the petrol station and in the old days he would be awake and alive at what you were saying. Then came the magic day when you made a joke and he looked at you as if to say, 'Who does she think she is?' and you think, oooh, ooooh dear. You begin to realize why it is that people have given you such a good run and I think that is why I'm begin-

Miss Amiel is a columnist for the (London) Times *and former editor of the* Toronto Sun.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ning to take such a jaundiced view of heterosexual sex."

The tenor of Miss Greer's musings is that there is something socially unfair in the nasty fact that men don't whistle at fifty-year-old women. Perhaps if we re-educate people, then the gas-station attendant will respond to us with the same fervor he had when we were 25. It's not that Miss Greer herself—or for that matter Gloria Steinem or Betty Friedan—would ever actually say this. But by the time their comments trickle down to their political-activist sisters, who populate city councils, these musings will be translated into a bylaw or minimally a requirement in the curriculum for an awareness of the needs of middle-aged women (while those unfortunate creatures who continue to whistle at 25-year-olds will be hauled into court for harassment).

On a much less amusing level the demands of second-stage feminism are well articulated. Equality of opportunity has shown itself to be an empty concept for women, so it must be replaced by statistical parity. Justice may have worn a blindfold in the past, but now she had better peek before rendering a verdict and understand that the law must be reinterpreted to accommodate the "different" ways in which women think. Women want to both work and iron; the state must ensure that they may do so with no economic disadvantage.

Our middle-aged feminists have achieved their career goals, but happiness still eludes them. They cope, like the rest of us, as best they can. Jane Fonda, who for years has exhorted us to "make friends with your wrinkles," decided in her own case that a spot of friendship with a plastic surgeon might be more helpful. Betty Friedan, alone after divorce, confided that she has "a secret dream of remarrying." Her friends give her great comfort, she writes, "almost like a family. But it is not the same." By their own admission, the feminists' personal calendars determine to a large extent the ideological agenda of feminism. They sit in suits bought on their own credit cards, in front of well-equipped desks appropriate to the career status they have earned. But there is no one to come home to. Who can fill that aching void in their lives, if not the parental, comforting, all-powerful state? It is not merely as individuals that feminists face menopause; the feminist movement itself has reached a menopausal stage. After the bloom of equality, what will old age bring?

One of the most important things to understand about feminism, I think, is that it has achieved everything that mere liberalism ought to have achieved but couldn't. The fact is that before the women's movement, while formal equality may have existed, it was very difficult in practice for any but the most gifted and aggressive women to achieve. The reasons for this include all sorts of neutral factors, but they also prove the thesis that sometimes one may have to aim beyond the target in order to hit it. One of the sad truths about life may be that if you want to keep onboard you may have to go overboard. It took the feminists with their very illiberal ideas and methods to achieve the liberal postulate of equality based on individual merit regardless of race or gender.

This would have been no problem had it not been that for many feminists, going overboard was not a ploy. They did not 'fess up to asking for a mile in order to get an inch. They wanted the mile. Post-modern feminism made the tremendous discovery (which twenty years ago would have been called a Neanderthal notion) that if women are treated exactly the same as men in the legal system, in industry, on the battlefield, or in society, women may end up being treated pretty damn roughly—exactly like men, in fact. This was not bargained for.

The twist second-stage feminism took was to take each problem or difficulty common to the human condition and expropriate it as a new problem peculiar to women. Women were suddenly confronted with the unique difficulty of having "careers" *and* being parents—as though in the previous years of male-headed single-wage families, no man was ever a father and had to come home to adjudicate over family strife, take the garbage out, fix the garage door, worry about how to pay school bills, and make sure he turned up at Little League games. Then there was the problem of unfair denial of job promotion. That problem is part of the common experience of any human being in any large bureaucracy, but now it was seen as specifically gender related.

When going through the list of complaints headed UNFAIR TO WOMEN, one is struck by the fact that with the exception of menstruation, all the problems identified are totally general. My favorite example comes from a 1989 British Labour Party policy paper on women's issues, which summed up for me the spirit of Anglo-American feminism. The paper, inspiringly entitled Working with Women for a Safer Environment, had a number of recommendations. First off was "Better design for buses and trains to make them easier for women to use, especially elderly women and women with disabilities."

This, of course, tackles a very special problem women face. Men, as we all know, even elderly and disabled ones, leap about trains and buses like mountain goats. But who among us has not observed women having heartbreaking difficulties mounting or dismounting public conveyances (often designed, I might add, by males)? At times, sympathetic crowds gather at intersections to cheer on the brave creatures. Betty Friedan has suggested that homes and appliances ought to be redesigned for women's special sensibilities. One might add to the list thoughtlessly designed lunch counters and escalators. In a similar vein was the recommendation to allow women to hail buses between stops at night as a remedy to the violence that women alone seem to face. One could only ask, Why the limitation? Why shouldn't women hail any vehicle, including firetrucks, wherever and whenever they want?

There are dozens of examples of the looniness of lists of "women's problems," but the hysteria about rape must rank high. The accusation that rape has not been taken seriously by society is a total falsehood. One need go no further than the fact that the death penalty remained in effect for rape after it was abolished for virtually every other crime. This was not simply in the case of a white woman accusing a black man—although attitudes were unquestionably more relentless in those cases.

Rape, in actuality, is a crime to which both men and women react with a deep horror. It has a measure of personal humiliation and cruelty that is universally understood. Universally, because every man has a mother or a sister or a daughter.

It is precisely because rape has always been taken so seriously by our society that the legal system has been

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

especially careful to have it proved beyond a reasonable doubt. Our judges recognized that it was a charge that could very easily be made falsely against a person. But Anglo-American criminal law (rightly in my view) never subscribed to the maxim of *testis unus testis nullus*, which prohibits conviction on the evidence of a single witness.

It was because Anglo-American law was more lenient in this respect that a defendant's lawyers used to be given a pretty free rein in the cross-examination of complainants. Perhaps this did create rape trials which were harder on the complainant than the defendant. It might have been possible to remedy that intelligently, but the politics of the day intervened. The climate now seems to have changed to one that assumes "Why would a woman lie about rape?" (or a child about sexual abuse, etc.).

This is as meaningless as asking, "Why would a man rape?" Generally, men don't rape or abuse children and women don't lie. All the same, some people do lie sometimes and it is the task of the criminal-justice system to separate, beyond a reasonable doubt, the minority who do from the majority who don't.

But how, given the procedural and evidentiary changes feminism has demanded? Corroboration requirements for conviction have been whittled away. Cross-examination about a complainant's personal life and habits has been strictly curtailed. Was it really the intention of women to make their embarrassment come before the right of every citizen to make full answer to a criminal charge?

Meanwhile, the consequences of taking the blindfold off justice and putting gender politics into the legal system has had a ripple effect. A leading family-law expert recently warned me that in today's witch-hunt atmosphere, "a lawyer is coming close to negligence if he does not advise a client that in child-custody cases and property disputes, the mere mention of a child-abuse allegation is a significant asset."

The descent into loony feminism continues apace in the whole realm of sexuality. In effect, male sexuality is being consigned to the dustbin as Bad Sex while female sexuality is designated Good Sex—in the Orwellian sense. We are attempting to deny the legitimacy of the sexuality of one-half of the population. A man's leer is sexual harassment, while the giggles young girls go into upon seeing a very handsome man are not censured. The madness of this is evident. A look from a man a woman likes is a compliment. A stare from one she finds unattractive is harassment. How can the same action depend for its legality not on the presence of coercion or violence but on a woman's aesthetical sense? (In my favorite example of this, a University of Toronto professor who donned flippers and goggles to swim in the indoor college pool was convicted this year of "prolonged staring" after a female swimmer detected the focus of his eyes on her. The professor never laid a finger or a flipper on the young lady, but nonetheless he has been banned from the pool for five years. Clearly if he had been endowed with a set of secondary sexual characteristics more in line with the preferences of the female swimmer, they would simply have gone off for a Coca-Cola after five lengths.) In this atmosphere, we have reached a society that is no longer commonsensical or liberal.

Once the feminists had catalogued life's difficulties, blamed gender for them, and declared that to be Very Unfair, they did a further somersault: they declared all those problems that really were genuinely related to gender to be non-existent. If women did not have the physical strength for certain jobs, it was the fault of discriminatory rules, not the smaller specific muscle mass of females. If women's biological differences led them to different working priorities (such as part-time work in order to spend more time with their families or, in the case of mothers in the armed forces, putting the needs of dependent children first in the event of a battle alert), this has been swept under the carpet by women's lobby groups. "Differences" only have reality when they can be interpreted to one's advantage, as in post-modernist legal theory that claims women think "differently" and so should not be bound by old-fashioned contractual concepts.

While it was certainly true that some men were filled with a blind unreasoning prejudice toward women and that others might have used their economic or bureaucratic advantage to extract sexual favors, today neither of these issues constitutes much of a hazard to women. But militant feminism has become second only to militant Marxism when it comes to extracting a pound of lie from an ounce of truth. It all originates, it seems to me, from the point at which feminists substituted the liberal goal of equality with the illiberal goal of *parity for the group.*

Equality, of course, means that any qualified human being may become a pilot or President regardless of gender. Parity of the group evaluates the success of equality in terms of whether or not a proportionate number of women have achieved such positions regardless of merit. This latter position is based to some extent on the erroneous belief that any disparity in society has to be the result of some unfair discrimination, which is simply not true, as well as the cynical view that when disparity makes envious people restless, it should be eliminated, even at the expense of freedom and fairness. But the only

(Continues on page 58)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

OVER HERE

The Wounds of Glasnost

Some on the American Left find glasnost *a profound relief: no longer do they have to choose between intellectual integrity and support for Moscow. But for others, Mikhail Gorbachev is nearly as bad as Ronald Reagan.*

ARCH PUDDINGTON

ALTHOUGH Mikhail Gorbachev's campaign to influence the American public has produced impressive, even astonishing, results, the Soviet leader has failed to win over all the skeptics. All the skeptics on the radical Left, that is, many of whom have come to regard the General Secretary with apprehension or hostility, to view his domestic reforms as a betrayal of Marxist principles, and to judge his "new thinking" in foreign policy an abandonment of "proletarian internationalism."

Michael Parenti, the author of various tracts on the evils of anti-Communism, sees *glasnost* as a form of ideological subversion. When, a few years back, Parenti was affiliated with the Institute for Policy Studies (IPS), he earned a reputation as an outspoken champion of what has since come to be known as the Brezhnevite "era of stagnation." (It was Parenti who once explained that Soviet consumers spent hours in queues not because of shortages, but because of an abundance of "discretionary" income.) Last year, however, Parenti was so outraged by the excesses of openness that he addressed a public letter to *Moscow News*, a leading reform organ known for its sharply critical assessments of the Soviet past. Parenti's objections ran the gamut from the paper's favorable coverage of a beauty contest, to its "adulatory" treatment of Andrei Sakharov (". . . why did you not mention that he supported the U.S. imperialist war in Vietnam?"), to its overzealous reporting of Stalin's crimes ("What source . . . allows you to conclude that Stalin's victims number in the millions?"), to its positive commentaries on small capitalists and private farming. Finally, Parenti chastised the editors for publishing "unrelievedly negative" articles which convey "no recognition of the enormous accomplishments of socialism."

Moscow News has also incurred the wrath of Gus Hall, the longtime leader of the American Communist Party. At a Party gathering in Cleveland, Hall reported that he had urged "leading comrades" in Moscow to either remove the paper's editor or, failing that, "burn down the goddamn building. I mean get rid of it." Hall was also nonplussed by the declaration of Soviet journalist Aleksandr Bovin that, "Politically, capitalism has a full right to exist. And we recognize this right." To Hall, this bordered on blasphemy; he retorted that "history, justice, all-human interests, and the class struggle do not recognize [capitalism's right to exist]." Hall, please note, is nothing if not consistent, having denounced the rebellious Chinese students for their reversion to "Maoism," their pro-Americanism, and their demands for "abstract" freedoms.

Alexander Cockburn, whose columns grace the pages of *The Nation* and the *Wall Street Journal*, also yearns for the good old Brezhnev days, a period he describes as, "relatively speaking, a golden age for the Soviet working class." Cockburn's bill of indictment includes the Soviet withdrawal from Afghanistan, the allegedly exaggerated estimates of Stalin's victims [see box], and Gorbachev's introduction of the "political economy of the BMW." (Unlike Gus Hall, Cockburn was favorably disposed toward the Chinese students, but on the same grounds: that their demands reflected Maoist values.)

ONE MIGHT well wonder what's going on here. The American Left, after all, has for years insisted that a winding down of the cold war was a precondition for a "meaningful" reordering of society. The Port Huron statement, the New Left's founding document, spoke of "the enclosing fact of the cold war," while Tom Hayden complained of a "generation stultified and frustrated by intense cold-war pressures." Americans, the Left feared, could be counted on to reject radical experimentation as long as socialism was equated with Communism and Communism with evil.

In the past, this logic contributed to an atmosphere of

Mr. Puddington is the author of Failed Utopias: Methods of Coercion in Communist Regimes, *published by ICS Press. He works for Radio Free Europe/Radio Liberty in New York.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Alexander Cockburn: A Voice of Moderation

LET IT never be said that Alexander Cockburn shrinks from the unpopular cause. Recently, Cockburn has taken up the defense of none other than Stalin. Well, sort of. Although tossing in a few qualifying sentences denying sympathy for the old dictator, Cockburn has undertaken to prove that the Great Terror really wasn't all that terrible.

Superficially, the debate centers on the question: How many people did Stalin kill? The Soviet dissident Roy Medvedev, whose views are hardly of the hard-line cold-war variety, estimates that some forty million suffered directly from Stalin's purges and collectivization policies, with twenty million deaths attributable to Stalinism. Cockburn, not surprisingly, prefers a lower figure—much lower. Citing a few convenient Western scholarly sources, Cockburn seems to come down in favor of 3.5 million deaths from collectivization and a few hundred thousand from the purges.

With Cockburn, taking sides is no fun unless it entails demeaning and slandering your opponents. In his initial article in *The Nation*, and in a subsequent exchange with his critics in the same magazine, he belches forth a dizzying combination of highly selective statistics and scattershot invective, aimed at an ideologically weird alliance ranging from Paul Robeson Jr., to Professor Stephen Cohen (*The Nation*'s main Soviet specialist), to the eminent historian Robert Conquest. He describes Medvedev as one of a group of Soviet intellectuals who "will do anything to get their names in the papers." Professor Cohen is accused of harboring a secret "agenda" and of aligning himself too closely with U.S. policy.

Cockburn's main target, however, is Conquest, whose books on Stalin's purges and the great Ukrainian famine are generally considered masterpieces of Soviet historiography. In his initial article, Cockburn limited himself to a few sneers at Conquest's abilities as a statistician. Conquest imprudently—if he wanted a quiet life—chose to respond, pointing out that the high range of Stalinist mortality favored by Medvedev has been accepted by numerous scholars, not to mention a growing number of Soviet publications. To which Cockburn replied that a) Soviet journalists were printing a lot of rubbish under *glasnost*; b) Conquest was not a scholar but a propagandist who had once worked for British intelligence; c) Conquest was in league with Ukrainian fascists (somewhat redundantly since, to Cockburn, the words "Ukrainian" and "fascist" are interchangeable).

The result of all this hysteria is that Cockburn has become an embarrassing burden for the Left, having earned the reputation of preferring Stalin to Gorbachev. Cockburn demurs, pleading, incredibly, scholarly objectivity. He also claims to be offended at the equation Stalinism = Hitlerism, Hitler, in his view, being by far the greater sinner.

Yet something else is clearly going on here. Cockburn actually seems to like the Soviet system, even if he objects, mildly, to its "deformities." He is one of those old-fashioned radicals who believe there are no enemies to the Left, Stalin most definitely included. In his scheme of things, computing Stalin's victims is an exercise fraught with political implications. Any number of dictators, after all, have blood on their hands; it is only a select few—Hitler, Pol Pot—who commit mass murder as a matter of ideological conviction. Since Stalin and Soviet power cannot be separated, even by Cockburn, it becomes necessary to demonstrate that Stalin was just another harsh ruler, no worse than a Pinochet or a Duvalier. Cockburn's defenders praise him as original and iconoclastic; more and more, he appears as a somewhat more literate version of Nina Andreyeva.

—AP

intellectual mendacity on the Left. Communist atrocities were downplayed, explained away, or simply denied, and anti-Communists were accused of acting from political opportunism; that they might be genuinely moved by tyranny and murder was denied.

Today, even the most ardent anti-anti-Communist can speak of conditions in the Soviet Union without maneuvering the facts or denying the obvious. And indeed, many leftists honestly welcome Gorbachev's policies. But here an important distinction is necessary. Those most favorably disposed toward *glasnost* and *perestroika* have, while retaining many radical principles, abandoned the idea of a socialist transformation of American society. Furthermore, while they may remain firm critics of American "interventionism," they have lost their former enthusiasm for the promise of Third World revolution, having been thoroughly disillusioned by the killing fields and politically engineered famines.

But for those radicals who are increasingly critical of Gorbachev, socialism and Third World revolution are precisely the issues that count the most. For these unhappy "dissidents," the end of the cold war is to be welcomed only if it coincides with an America enfeebled by the "contradictions" of late capitalism, and thus ripe for socialist transformation: an America unable to hinder "social experiments" in the developing world.

The question of global revolution is especially crucial for American leftists, since most of them seem to have realistically concluded that the struggle for fundamental changes in American society is an exercise in futility. The key period was the mid 1970s, when it became clear that despite inflation and rising unemployment, the strength of the American system made it effectively invulnerable to serious radical challenge. By contrast, possibilities for imposing socialist systems on luckless Third World societies seemed to grow, what with post-Vietnam America's uncertainty about its proper world role. The vision of stimulating "many Vietnams" seemed altogether realistic, given Communist inroads in Southeast Asia, the Middle East, Africa, Central America, and the Caribbean. Thus, while the Left might ritualistically castigate America over poverty, homelessness, and racial injustice, it was slogans like "Hands Off El Salvador" that pumped up the adrenalin.

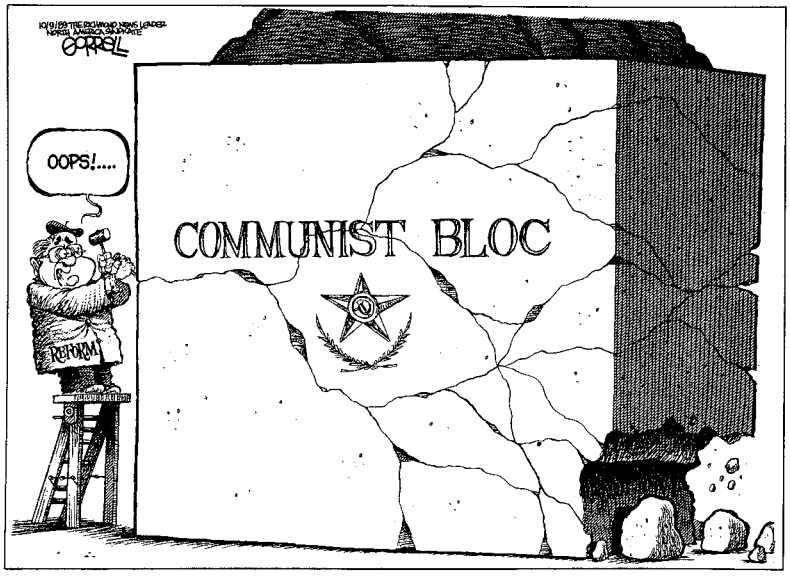
True enough, many who declared solidarity with the Sandinistas were quick to profess abhorrence of Eastern European–style Communism; and some, the less sophisticated, really believed that Soviet power and Central

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

American revolution were unconnected. The truth, of course, is that, as Saul Landau, an IPS stalwart, once observed: "The Soviet Union is the best guarantee of Third World revolution."

AT LEAST that was the case until recently. While Soviet deeds have not exactly matched Soviet words, the direction seems clearly toward disengagement from the Ortegas and Mengistus, and the forging of new ties with countries enjoying economic and strategic significance: Japan, Argentina, even South Korea. Perhaps the most jarring development has been an apparent Soviet shift in attitude toward South Africa. While unlikely to produce a Moscow–Pretoria détente, Soviet policies suggest expanded trade with South Africa and a distancing from the African National Congress. Third Worldists in the United States have reacted to these stirrings with growing hysteria; a writer in the radical *Guardian* has already accused Moscow of adopting a policy of constructive engagement in its relations with South Africa.

Even more disquieting than tentative and inconclusive actions like the South African opening have been Soviet rhetorical emphasis on common human values as opposed to global class struggle, and hard-nosed analyses by Soviet foreign-policy officials dismissing past attempts to stimulate socialism in the Third World as a colossal blunder. The *Guardian* drew howls of anguish by publishing an article by Andrei V. Kozyrev, a high official in the Soviet Foreign Ministry, who wrote of developing countries suffering "not so much from capitalism, but from a lack of it" and criticized Soviet involvement in regional conflicts as "hindering the establishment of mutually advantageous ties with the West."



For the United States, Moscow's new thinking in foreign policy presents a far greater challenge than when the prime goal seemed to be shoring up a series of economically bankrupt despotic regimes. For the hard Left, however, the result is catastrophic. Saul Landau's uncharacteristically candid remark reflects the reality that the cause of "national liberation" hardly exists unless the big battalions of the USSR are behind it. Just compare the prospects of El Salvador's FMLN, which continues to enjoy Soviet–Cuban–Nicaraguan support, and those of the New People's Army of the Philippines, which soldiers on without outside assistance.

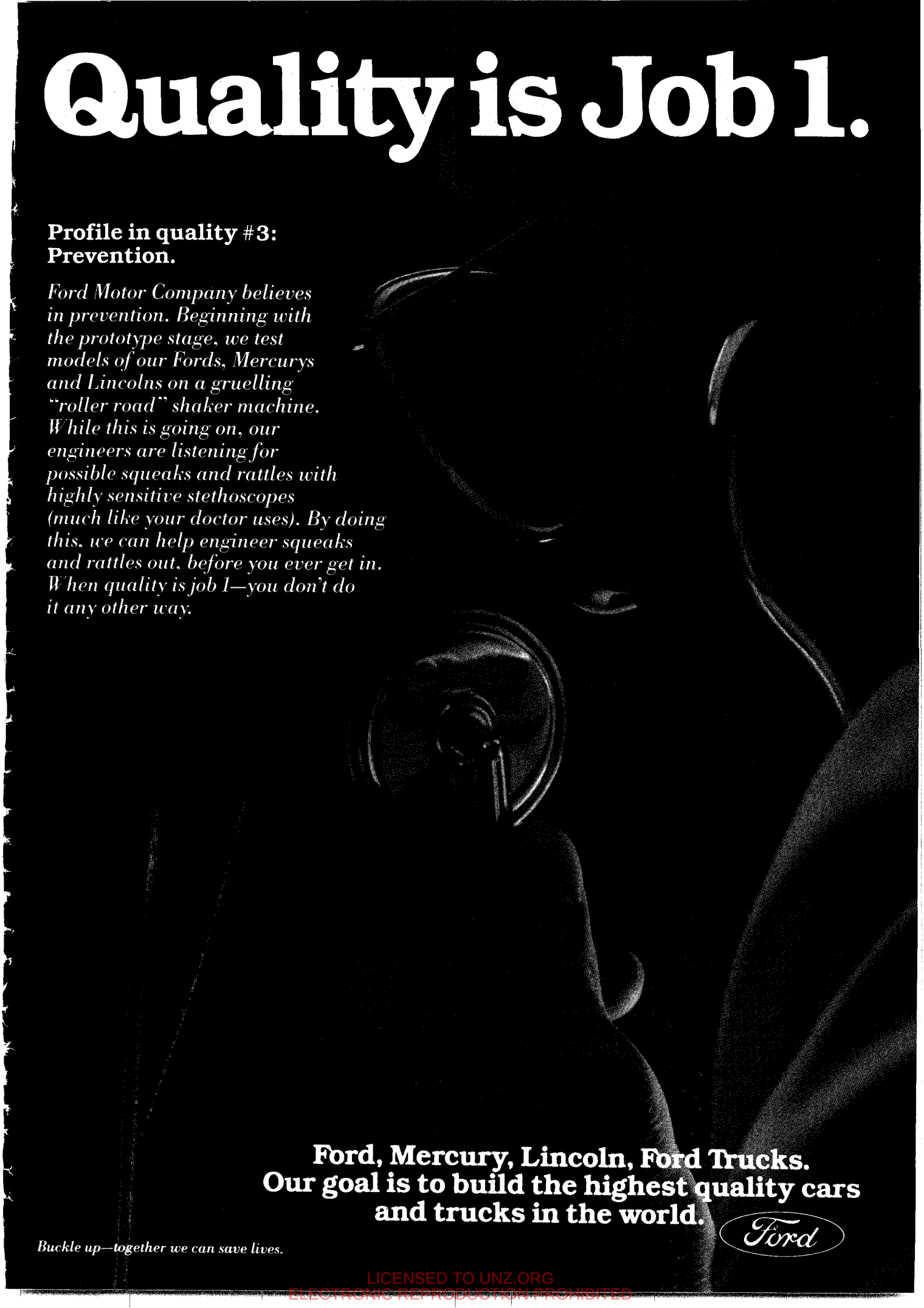
There are also practical reasons for the Left's apprehensions over changes in the Soviet Union. Some American radical organizations derived concrete benefits from the cold war, if not financially then through a web of political relations that provided a role and a measure of legitimacy. Many have long believed that the Communist Party U.S.A. received assistance from Moscow, either through direct subsidies or through privileged business ties with Soviet trading firms. Other organizations, the IPS most prominent among them, gained credibility by acting as a liaison between the Soviets and "progressive" groups in the United States. IPS figures like Marcus Raskin functioned as "interpreters" for Soviet delegations during the Brezhnev era, explaining to American audiences why human-rights issues should be set aside until the arms race was resolved. Having developed a cadre of attractive, Westernized spokesmen, the Soviets are not likely to require the services of American middlemen.

Finally, of course, there is the issue of socialism. The program put forth by certain Soviet Party reformers—one-party pluralism combined with guarantees of civil liberties and cultural freedom—corresponds in many respects to what many Western leftists would regard as the ideal socialist system. The problem is that the economic crisis of Communism, combined with the "relentless" criticism of the Soviet system that so distressed Michael Parenti, have thoroughly discredited not only Brezhnevite stagnation but the very idea of political control of the economy. Bogdan Denitch, a leader of the late Michael Harrington's Democratic Socialists of America, reflects the apprehensions of many socialists when he warns against "an excessive faith in the new philosopher's stone—the free market in labor and capital." Other critics go even further, suggesting that the idea of employing capitalist methods to "reform" socialism will lead to catastrophe. Harry Magdoff and Paul Sweezy, the editors of *Monthly Review*, predict trouble ahead if socialist states attempt to compete with capitalism on capitalism's terms. The Soviets, they contend, "want to . . . get the kind of economic growth of the capitalist world," something which is impossible for a socialist system. Socialism is socialism; capitalism is capitalism. What is needed, according to Magdoff and Sweezy, is "the negation of capitalism, not the removal of its excesses." (Interestingly, when writing of leading Communist figures, Magdoff and Sweezy reserve unqualified praise for one man: Mao.)

The unraveling of Communism does not portend the end of political radicalism; other causes, environmentalism in particular, will take the place of the proletarian revolution. But Soviet decline almost certainly will bring to a conclusion, once and for all, the entire Marxist enterprise. This is the fear behind the Left's mutterings about *glasnost* and *perestroika*. Ironically, this all comes at a time when Marxism is enjoying something of a revival on the American campus. Perhaps we have reached the point where the old adage, "There are more Communists in Berkeley than in Eastern Europe," has become a reality. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Quality is Job 1.



Profile in quality #3: Prevention.

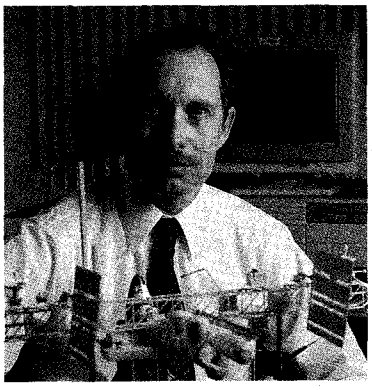
Ford Motor Company believes in prevention. Beginning with the prototype stage, we test models of our Fords, Mercurys and Lincolns on a gruelling "roller road" shaker machine. While this is going on, our engineers are listening for possible squeaks and rattles with highly sensitive stethoscopes (much like your doctor uses). By doing this, we can help engineer squeaks and rattles out, before you ever get in. When quality is job 1—you don't do it any other way.

Ford, Mercury, Lincoln, Ford Trucks.
Our goal is to build the highest quality cars and trucks in the world.

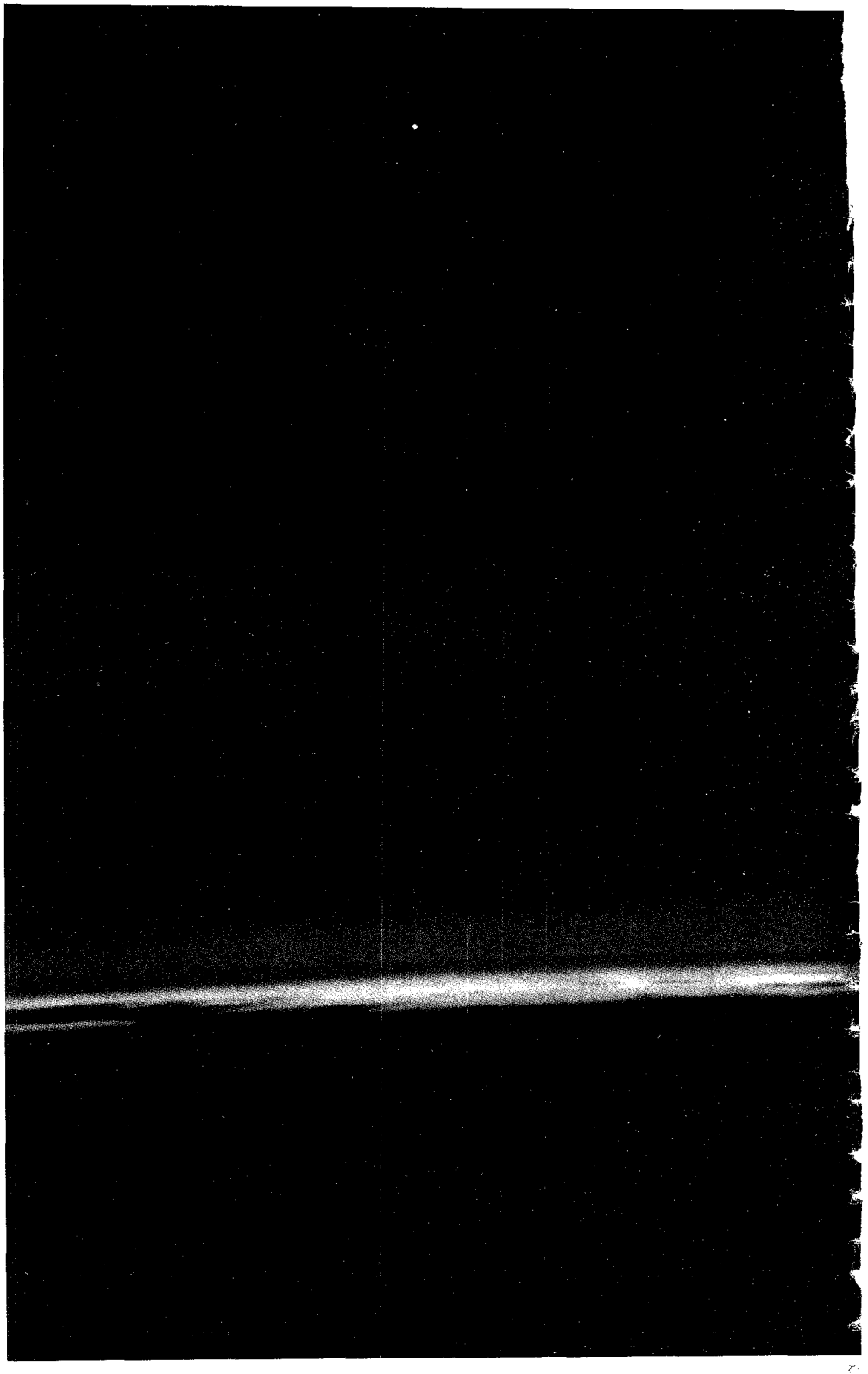
Ford

Buckle up—together we can save lives.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



"My job is to create an information system to build the space station. It could change the way we build everything else."



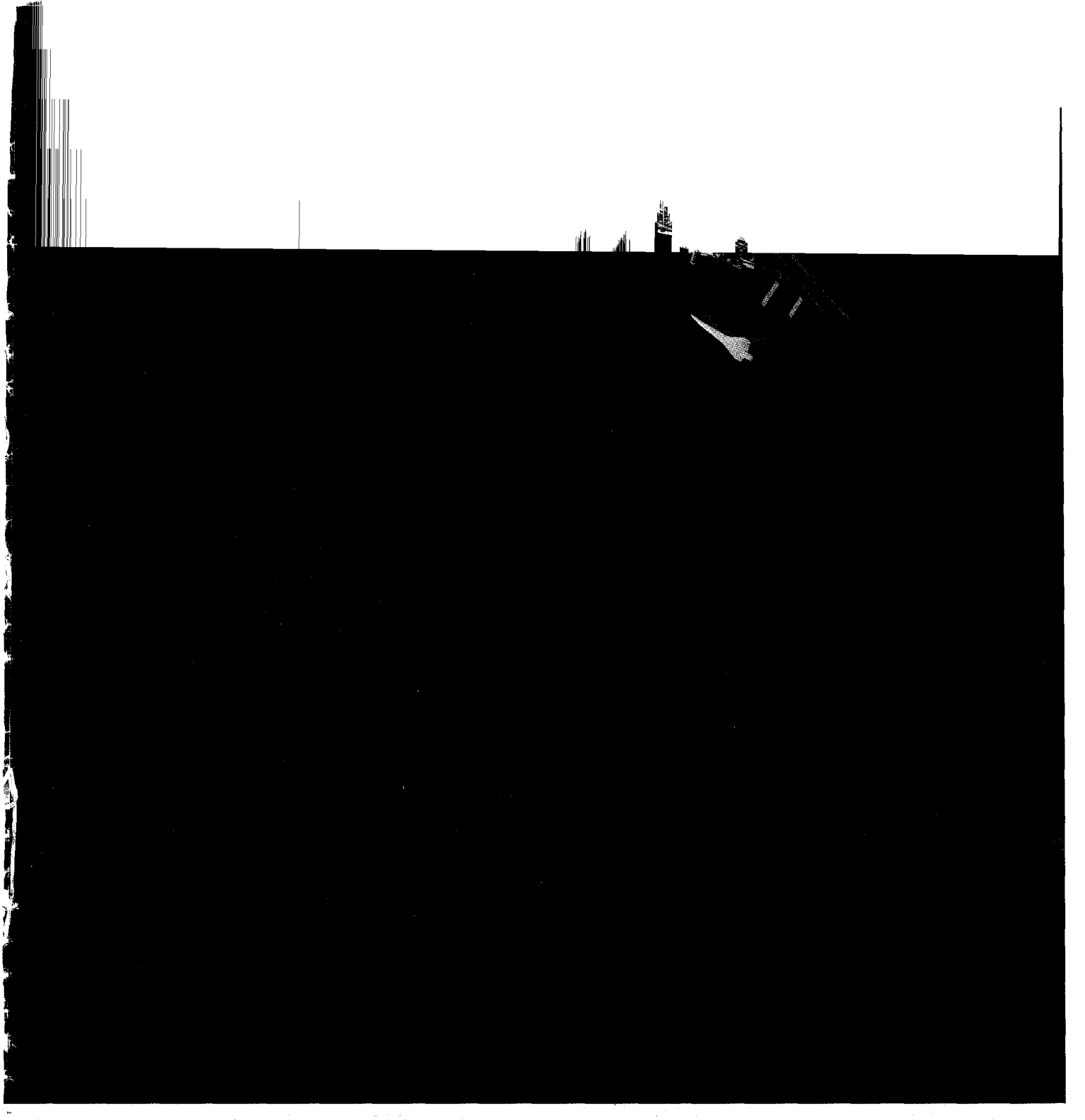
"Boeing Computer Services is developing the Technical and Management Information System NASA needs to build the space station.

"TMIS is a new way to manage complex systems—a unified database linking thousands of computers around the world. TMIS removes barriers of time and geography.

"With accurate, current information instantly available to all who need it, manufacturing precision will increase dramatically. We'll build the space station in the computer, part by part, to be certain things go right when construction begins in space.

"But the benefits of TMIS go far beyond the space station. New levels of manufacturing precision, control and speed can lead to fundamental

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



improvements in design and manufacturing of all complex systems. We may learn to build everything better—and to accomplish projects that were impossible before TMIS technology."

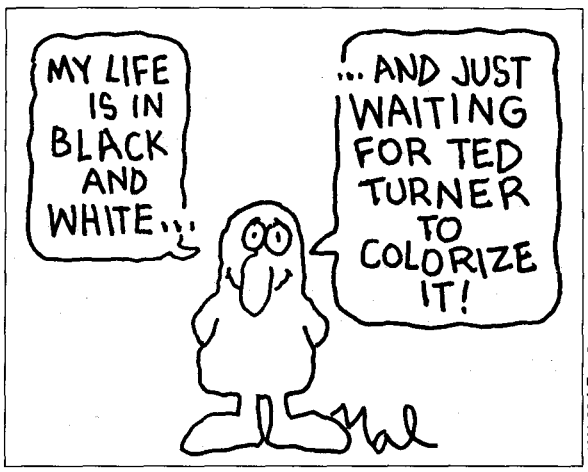
—Robert Bumpous
Manager, Engineering Development
Boeing Computer Services

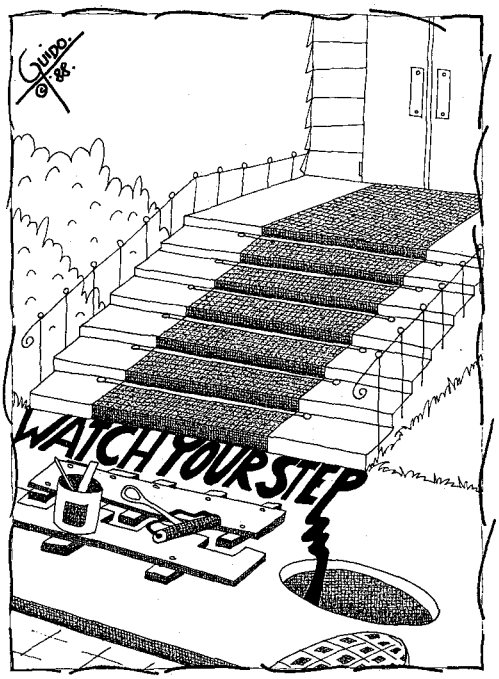
At Boeing we're sharing knowledge and integrating technology to create high-quality products and services. In computer services, electronics, aviation and aerospace.

BOEING

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

help !!!

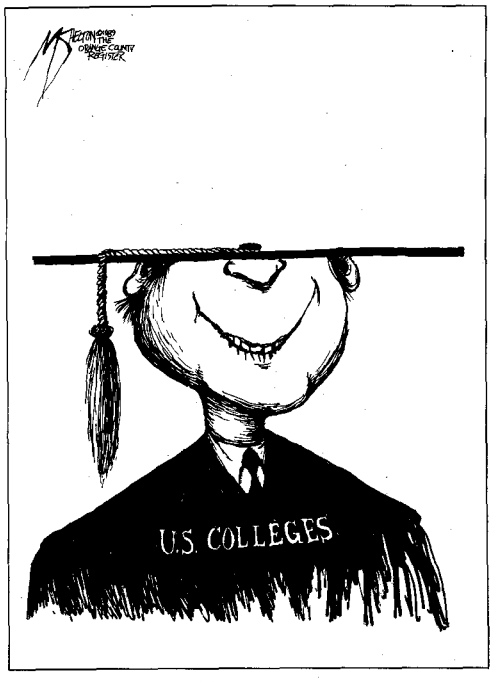




When Bush Comes to Shove

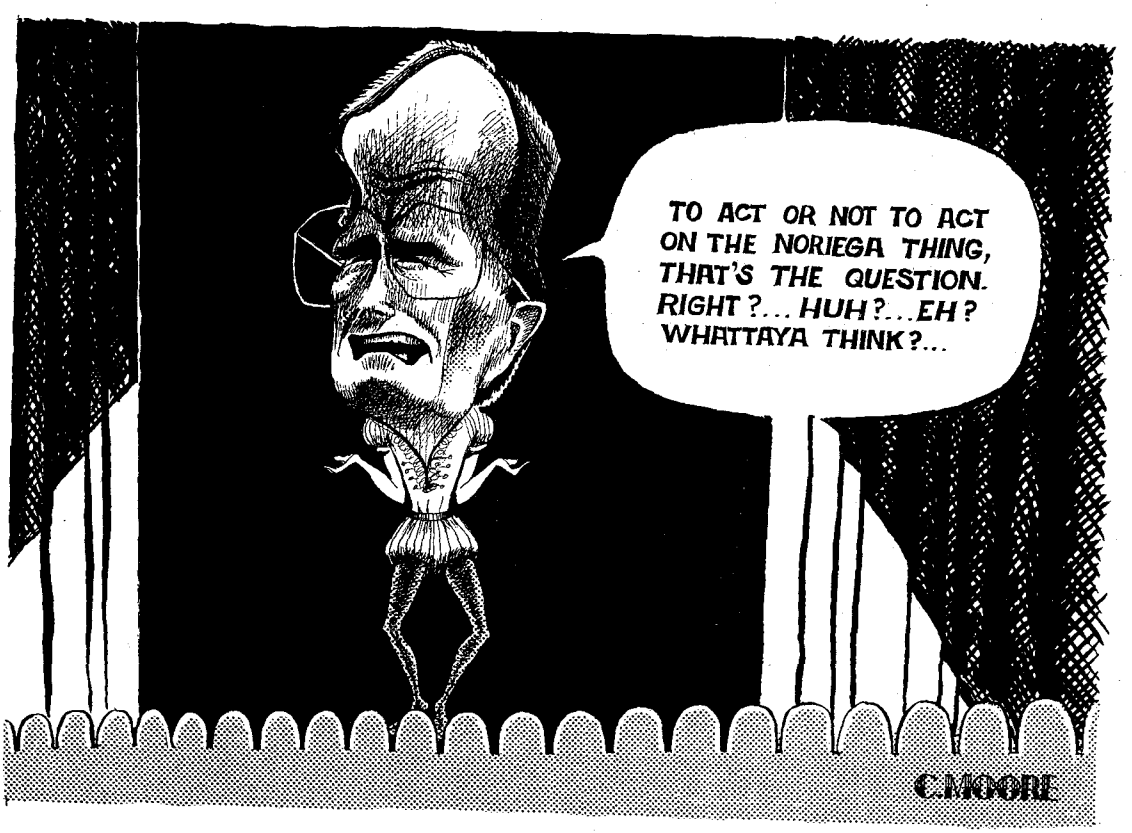
Some day he will, just as the worm
That turned at long last will affirm;
But when he will, or how, I can't
Begin to guess, although the chant
From disappointed right-wing nuts
May get to Mr. Bush's guts
And generate a loud ka-BOOM
Somewhere inside the Oval Room.

W. H. VON DREELE



Battle of Little Bullhorn

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BREATHING ROOM

Recentralizing Europe

To Western Europeans, the prospect of a reunified, neutralized Germany is frightening at best. But to the nations of what used to be called Central Europe, it could be the first step out of the Soviet orbit.

THOMAS MOLNAR

In 1958, at the Yale Club in New York City, the West German statesman Karl Theodor von Guttenberg took me aside after his lecture. Von Guttenberg was no leftist—he was of the CSU, Adenauer's coalition partner. Yet he told me that the Americans should be warned not to take West Germany for granted. If Washington makes the Germans feel they are second-rate allies, he said, they might start to think once again of a rapprochement with the East. Yes, with the Soviet Union.

Von Guttenberg did not have to explain. I came from "the East." I knew the mutual attraction/repulsion between traditional Germany and traditional Russia. And so it came as no surprise to me that one of Chancellor Willy Brandt's first actions, when his Socialists came to power in Bonn in 1969, was to initiate *Ostpolitik*. Twenty years later, CDU Chancellor Helmut Kohl—under the prodding of his Foreign Minister, Hans-Dietrich Genscher—is responding cautiously to Mikhail Gorbachev's blandishments concerning a "common European home."

But how does the situation look from Gorbachev's perspective? To answer, we might consider a historical parallel: Imagine Yalta as the foundation of a Holy Alliance between Moscow and Washington (their systems differed, but so did those of Vienna and St. Petersburg in 1815), which is now collapsing as a consequence of national independence movements (as in 1848). Such a perspective allows us to see Mikhail Gorbachev's reform efforts in a true light. The motivation behind *glasnost* and *perestroika* may lie far less than we think in the exhaustion of the Soviet economy, the lack of consumer goods (a strictly Western concept), the threat of SDI, or the ossification of Soviet leadership; it may arise from the impossibility of preventing national uprisings from bursting out today in Kabul, Kaunas, Warsaw, Tallinn, Budapest, and Prague; tomorrow in Kiev, Bucharest, and Sofia. Thirty-three years ago the revisionist Khrushchev sent Russian tanks into Hungary; eight years ago the super-imperialist Brezhnev had to coerce Jaruzelski to do the job for him in Warsaw.

All this shows that the Kremlin reads the writing on the wall. A fragile, over-extended Russia can preserve its power only by concessions to the nations of Central Europe, contrived in such a way that Moscow would remain dominant, or at least co-dominant within a looser system. In other words, imperialism in a lower key, and eventually shared. Shared with whom? There is only one possibility: Germany.

For Eastern Europeans all know (has the news reached American shores yet?) that the "superpower" in the eastern half of Europe is Germany. Russia never was and never can be a European power; it may invade, occupy, and repress, but it cannot rule in a legitimate way. Germany, on the other hand, has been historically integrated with the area as an heir to Rome and a focus of power and culture. Even now the most serious economic, cultural, academic, and artistic influence in Prague, Warsaw, Budapest, and Bratislava is once again Germanic—and never mind whether it emanates from East or West Germany. Austria helps in spreading this influence as both German-speaking and an essential element of *Mitteleuropa*.

The trend toward convergence in the East is accelerated by developments in the West. The 12 members of the European Community have agreed to dismantle the last of the borders between their nations on January 1, 1993. Personally, I do not believe this will happen; if the arrangement does not fall apart for other reasons, I trust Mrs. Thatcher to torpedo it. But the Kremlin is bound to look at it as a possibility. It is obvious that the Soviet Union cannot allow a huge political/economic power—incorporating West Germany—in its immediate neighborhood.

Mr. Molnar's most recent book published in English is Twin Powers: Politics and the Sacred *(reviewed in* NR, *April 7).*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

As children we dreamed of flying.
Now we live the dream.

Dedication. Enthusiasm. Training. That's what it takes to work for Northwest. We pride ourselves in having the best. In everything we do, our employees are setting new standards of speed and efficiency. And it's paying off. We're doing better than ever at getting you where you're going, on time. So if you haven't flown with us lately, you should. We're making your dreams come true. For reservations, call your travel agent or Northwest at 1-800-225-2525.

©1989 Northwest Airlines, Inc.

NORTHWEST AIRLINES

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Preventing this from happening is the main priority for Soviet leaders—for Gorbachev and whoever follows him. And to achieve their objective, their only realistic option is to make an irresistible offer: German reunification. There would have to be two conditions: 1) that the combined Germany would be a neutral, non-Atlanticist Germany, not unfavorable to "socialism" and giving Moscow the benefit of its economic weight, and 2) that the Central European *Lebensraum* would be shared in the form of a Russo-German condominium. The essential element of this accommodation would be German neutrality, since the Russians have always regarded Germany as either the chief threat, or the corridor through which others—Napoleon in fact; America in potentiality—may attack the heart of the empire. A rapprochement between the Soviet Union and a unified Germany would take the world by surprise, as Rapallo did in 1922, and the Hitler–Stalin pact in 1939.

Not only would the offer be attractive to German industrialists, it would also consolidate *Mitteleuropa*, that amorphous but unique cultural entity that since 1945 has been butchered and marginalized; Central Europe would now regain its centrality. So there is no reason why the Soviet satellites would not welcome a Russo-German deal. There are times when two masters are better than one. Budapest, Prague, and Warsaw know perfectly well that the Germans and the Russians would hardly become bosom friends; with each keeping watch on the other, the satellite countries would enjoy a breathing spell, perhaps a narrow century of reconstruction in which they would have some elbow room for their local interests.

Of course, not everyone would be happy with this accommodation. Western Europe and America would be hurt by the ending of the forty-year dominance of NATO under the American nuclear umbrella. But the Central European nations are all too well aware that since 1919 the West has not cared for them or their interests. A Rumanian diplomat once told me how he had been sent to London in 1935 to warn the Foreign Office that Hitler was breathing down Bucharest's neck. The answer he received was essentially: Don't worry—Mr. Hitler will get married and settle down; his political ardor will be stilled. The answer that the secret Rumanian delegation got from the French Foreign Minister, André Tardieu, was similar. So much for Western diplomacy and historical wisdom.

As to the short-term effects in Central Europe, it would be naïve to assume that countries which have been subjected to forty years of Marxism will suddenly explode in Western-style liberal capitalism. Nor will they quickly embrace the parliamentary party system; centralization has had a long and respected tradition in these countries. This would reassure the Russians, who will need a variety of guarantees that Eastern Europe and Germany will not band together against them.

In a way, the prospects for Western Europe are gloomier than those for Eastern Europe. The latter is slowly flexing its near-atrophied muscles and eagerly welcomes history's invitation to reinvent political and social formulae, while the former faces the uncertainties caused by clashes between the technocratic dinosaurs in Brussels and Strasbourg and all those—labor unions, professional groups, lovers of cultural diversity, nationalists—who oppose them. While Western European countries are chiefly concerned with a still higher standard of living, with still more tin cans on the shelves and on wheels, Eastern Europe has exhilarating political objectives: independence, security, tolerable regimes.

But all of this is in the conditional mood. The decisive factor is Germany, without which neither construct would be viable: the European Community or the *Mitlebensraum*. Many argue that the West Germans are the chief hedonists of the West, that the country's youth is indifferent to "values." The same was said, and with justice, during the Weimar Republic sixty years ago. But show Germans a great project—this time reunification—and the flame will be kindled. The hidden sources of nationalism would start flowing in the West; whereas East Germans would find their task clear: are they not Prussians, and is the historic vocation of Prussia not to unify all Germans?

The coming imbalance and search for an equilibrium may again turn Europe into an area of adventure (though we will hope not of armed conflict). They may shape our history for the foreseeable future. □

First Anniversary.
Second Anniversary.
Third Anniversary.
Fourth Anniversary.
While she accepts the fact that you never promised her a rose garden, isn't it time you stopped trying to give her one?
This year, tell her you'd marry her all over again. The Diamond Anniversary Band.
A diamond is forever.
Suggested retail price for rings $2,000-$2,360.
For more information, call 800 922-9877.
ARTCARVED®
SINCE 1850

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ON THE HILL

How the Democrats Hold On to Congress

If you act like a minority, you'll stay a minority. That's the lesson Republican congressmen and their campaign organizers need to learn if they're to have a chance of taking the House in 1992.

SUSAN MANDEL & WILLIAM McGURN

In 1980 Ronald Reagan soundly defeated Jimmy Carter in a race that gave the nation its clearest choice between a liberal and a conservative in almost two decades. At the time, the conventional wisdom was that a modern President could not last more than one term; four years later not only did Ronald Reagan win re-election, he did so by an even larger margin, capturing all but the District of Columbia and Walter Mondale's home state of Minnesota. Nor were his electoral victories merely owing to his personal charm or his acting skills, as some pundits would have it; in 1988, George Bush, charging Michael Dukakis with being "a card-carrying member of the ACLU," carried forty states and 59 per cent of the popular vote. The decade that began with a Soviet invasion of Afghanistan and an America wracked by double-digit inflation and rising unemployment is now ending with the Soviet Empire in disarray and America enjoying its longest postwar economic expansion.

Clearly a major realignment of forces has occurred. The question, however, is why this has yet to filter down to the House of Representatives. During the Reagan years this institution opposed the President on virtually every issue he was elected on. House Democrats display a fixation with raising taxes, perhaps the most unpopular issue in America. The party is under the thumb of special-interest groups, many of them espousing fringe ideas repugnant to the vast majority of Americans. The Democrats have recently lost both their Speaker and their Whip to scandals. Yet despite all this, and despite more than $200 million spent by the Republicans in House races since 1980, the party of Ronald Reagan and George Bush remains a minority (258 to 176) in a Congress dominated by what Minority Whip Newt Gingrich (R., Ga.) calls "the most liberal leadership in history."

Why?

That's the paradox they're trying to resolve in a white brick office building on First Street just south of the Capitol, headquarters for the National Republican Congressional Committee (NRCC). The NRCC is the only Republican Party organization charged specifically with electing Republicans to the House of Representatives. It has proved a Sisyphean task. In the mid 1970s, for example, just as the Republicans seemed on the verge of rebuilding in Congress, Watergate blew them out of the water. Then Representative Guy Vander Jagt (R., Mich.) took over and hope was renewed, as he turned the NRCC into a highly respected political operation credited with the party's stunning 34-seat advance in 1980.

With this boost Republicans seemed poised to make another strike, but again fate intervened, in the form of the 1981–82 recession. The upshot was that in 1982 they took a beating from which they've never recovered, losing 26 seats. Last year, too, was a disappointment, with the GOP losing three seats in Congress even in the midst of a Bush landslide. All this, despite having raised five times as much money as the rival Democratic Congressional Campaign Committee (DCCC) and despite polls that show as many Republicans as Democrats for the first time since Franklin Roosevelt.

Dissatisfaction with the party's House losses last year refocused attention on the NRCC, which responded this March by bringing in Ed Rollins, Reagan's campaign manager in 1984, as co-chairman. Rollins has not been there long enough for a considered judgment, but he faces an array of criticisms about the organization. These complaints include charges that the NRCC tries to micromanage campaigns from Washington [see box, p. 39], does not recruit good candidates, and spends too much time and effort protecting incumbents who don't need it. "We seem to be more interested in providing services to incumbents than in winning new seats," says one Republican congressman.

A good example of the problem is the case of Mike Brown, an Oklahoma Republican. In 1988 Brown challenged incumbent Democratic Representative Glenn English in a district that had gone 69 per cent for Reagan in 1984 and would go 58 per cent for Bush in 1988. Unlike many Republican congressional challengers, Mr. Brown was not a businessman; on his résumé are political jobs

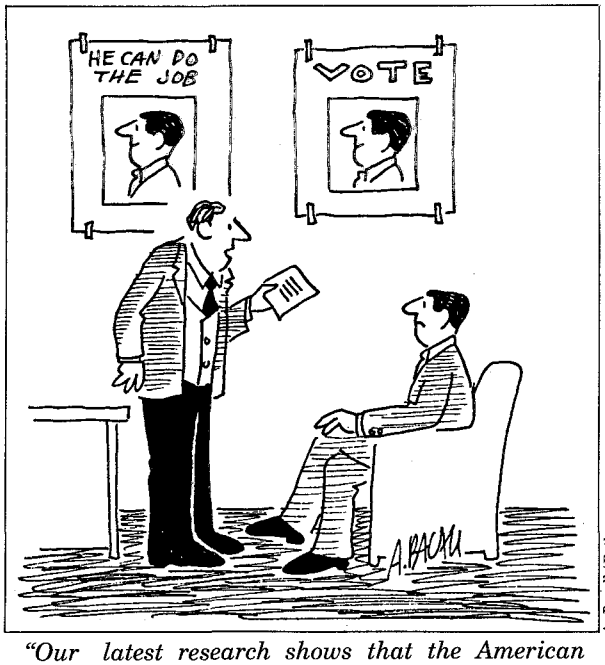
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ranging from city councilman to chairman of the Oklahoma Municipal Power Authority. Yet he received only $5,000 from the NRCC, and that not until October, too late to make an impact on other donors. Not surprisingly, he lost.

He's not the only one. Of the seven special elections that have been held this year, Republicans have been defeated in all but the ones in Wyoming and Florida, and the NRCC's role in both of those aroused controversy. In last year's congressional elections, moreover, the Republicans didn't even field candidates in 61 of the races (the Democrats stayed out of only twenty). Worse still, last year was the first time since 1960 that a party had captured the White House and suffered a decline in Congress. Even in open seats, where there was no incumbent, the Republicans have suffered net losses in the last two elections.

"You think I don't mention that when I go around the country?" asks the chairman of the rival DCCC, Representative Beryl Anthony (D., Ark.). "I ask people, how can you continue to support an organization [the NRCC] that wastes your money? Take a look at us, we're lean and mean."

Well, maybe mean. For when the NRCC comes up to bat it starts out with two strikes against it: gerrymandering and incumbency. Regarding the former, the 1981 redistricting cost Republicans at least 23 seats, according to political demographer John Morgan. Add to this the in-built advantages of incumbency. Because lobbyists prefer giving money to incumbents rather than risking it on challengers, the Democrats enjoy a huge advantage before the campaigns even begin. Several of them (Dan Rostenkowski of Illinois, Stephen Solarz of New York, Mel Levine of California, Charles Schumer of New York) have built up war chests of a million dollars or more which they maintain in order to discourage anyone from running against them. On top of this come the perks. In the 1988 election, more was spent on franked mail alone than challengers in both parties combined spent on their entire campaigns—an involuntary campaign contribution from the American taxpayer to incumbents of all stripes.



"Our latest research shows that the American people want you to pretend to be what you're not, and if it is shown that you are pretending they will be shocked by the pretense."

But the biggest problem the Republicans face in overcoming these obstacles is themselves. Long a minority, too many of those now in the House have come to *think* like a minority. They are not aggressive and are not nearly as involved in politicking as the Democrats. Minority Whip Gingrich cites a prominent Republican whose business PAC had given $5,000 to the Democrat in the Texas special election; "When Chairman Bentsen calls you personally," he told Gingrich, "you send a check." Without a similar commitment from Republican members to campaign on behalf of other Republicans, the NRCC is doomed to sing as solos pieces that require an orchestra.

"A lot of the problems that people blame on the committee go straight to the doorstep of the members themselves," agrees political consultant Eddie Mahe.

"The traditional House member," adds former NRCC Executive Director Steve Stockmeyer, is more interested "in perpetuating himself" in office than in building up the party.

In general, Republican members don't recruit people to run for Congress. They don't call up PACs asking for money on behalf of Republican challengers. They don't travel to other districts to campaign for them. And they don't help build the local party in their own districts to develop a farm team of qualified Republican candidates behind them. There are exceptions—Steve Bartlett of Texas, Tom Ridge of Pennsylvania, and Gingrich himself, to name a few. By contrast, for Democrats part of the job is taking challengers under their wings, leading them in the right direction, showing up at events, and helping with fundraising. "Democratic members lean on each other more to participate," says campaign consultant Scott Cottington. They are a majority because they behave like one.

Candidate recruitment has been another major problem for Republicans. Largely this has to do with the political culture of the two parties. Being the anti-government party works well on the presidential level, but it doesn't make for a bumper crop of congressional candidates. Less inclined toward the public sector, the typical Republican congressional challenger is a businessman with no previous political experience, compared to the assemblymen, mayors, and state senators the Democrats run for Congress. In short, Republicans just don't have the number of local officials that Democrats do, especially in the South, where President Bush ran strongest but where Republicans make up only 15 per cent of the state legislatures. "The dirty little secret," says NRCC Communications Director John Buckley, "is that there is no Republican Party at the grass roots."

This will need to change if the Republicans are serious about taking control of the House in 1992, and the change will not come unless it is driven by the Republican members. There are a few encouraging signs. One is the election of Gingrich as Minority Whip last spring, with strong support from Republican moderates. As this support for Gingrich demonstrated, the issue was not Gingrich's conservatism but his activism: a number of Republicans were just plain tired of getting kicked around by the Democrats and wanted someone who would fight

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Miami Advice

MIAMI—At La Equina de Tejas Restaurant on the corner of 12th and First, pictures of Ronald Reagan with the restaurant's co-owners and patrons hang proudly on the wall. Indeed, as a reminder of the presidential visit to this part of Little Havana on Cuban Independence Day, 1983, Mr. Reagan's order of roast chicken, black beans, and rice has been dubbed the "President's Special" on the new menus.

Now folks here have one of their own in Washington, Republican Representative Ileana Ros-Lehtinen, who won by a margin of 53 to 47 per cent in the August special election for the late Claude Pepper's seat. One of the restaurant's owners, Alex Chamizo, says that such was the loyalty hereabouts toward Mrs. Ros-Lehtinen that when he would joke about voting for her Democratic opponent, Gerald Richman, they would say, *¡No eres egoísta de ser Cubano!* ("You cannot be a true Cuban"). That loyalty turned out to be the margin of victory, inasmuch as Mrs. Ros-Lehtinen captured a mere 12 per cent of the Anglo vote in an ethnically divisive race run by Mr. Richman.

But the Democratic campaign claim that this was an "American seat" (read: Cuban-Americans are not Americans) was not the only divisiveness here; the Republican campaign also suffered from internal splits. Local party officials argue that the National Republican Congressional Committee tried to micromanage the race from Washington. They complain that the NRCC second-guessed their on-the-ground decisions on everything from TV ads (the NRCC came up with a new set), to the decision not to debate Mr. Richman, to the hiring of personnel. "The NRCC treated this district like a colony," says one Republican activist here. "Their attitude was that they know Florida's 18th better than the people who live here. I think it must be something in the Beltway water."

By the end, they say, the race had broken into three campaigns: separate Anglo and Hispanic campaigns run superbly by Enrique Ros, the candidate's father, and another campaign run by the NRCC. They concede that there will always be tension between any home office and those out in the field, but say that the NRCC's second-guessing hurt morale and created undue panic. They further compare the NRCC unfavorably with Lee Atwater's Republican National Committee, which they say came down to Miami with a what-can-we-do-to-help? approach rather than this-is-how-you-do-it.

In the afterglow of victory, the RNC denies reports of NRCC heavy-handedness, and others point out that the NRCC can help in certain areas. In this race, for example, the NRCC helped raise the $1.1 million that went into Mrs. Ros-Lehtinen's campaign. It is also much better equipped to produce slick commercials, though locals say that the NRCC's round of ads was only marginally better than a second round of local ads produced after an admittedly poor first batch.

Charles Cook, an independent political consultant in Washington, defends the NRCC's role. "If somebody comes to your party and brings all the food and the booze," he says, "you're hardly in a position to complain if one or two of the dishes are not first rate."

The question this begs is, Whose party is it? —WMcG

back. The Republican revival he has led in his own traditionally Democratic Georgia district should also inspire similar efforts elsewhere.

Within the NRCC itself, too, there are some plusses. Writing checks is not the only way the NRCC can help: getting the message out is also critical, and under John Buckley the Communications Department has blossomed into an aggressive force for good. During the House fight on President Bush's proposed cut in the tax rates on capital gains, for example, the NRCC put together TV ads attacking Democrats as taxers, bought time on C-Span to have them beamed into Hill offices, and threatened to have them broadcast nationally should the Democrats vote against the cuts. It worked, and the capital-gains bill cleared the House.

Even with their comfortable majority, the Democrats are taking note. "Ed Rollins and Lee Atwater wake a lot of people up on our side," says DCCC spokesman Howard Schloss. "They are a formidable opposition and we don't underestimate them."

NOR SHOULD THE Republicans underestimate the Democrats. This might be the temptation, with article after article in the press talking about what bad shape the DCCC is in. Mainly this has to do with DCCC finances, and the $1.7-million debt the committee showed in its last Federal Election Commission (FEC) report. It's true that contributions from small donors are down by about a third from last year, and that with the death of Representative Claude Pepper the Democrats lost one of their best direct-mail signatures. But looking only at what the DCCC owes can be misleading.

"The news media keep harping on the debt," says DCCC Chairman Beryl Anthony, relaxing in the Rayburn Room of the Capitol after a vote. "We are here to win elections and we should be judged on that—historic wins in 1988 and victories in five out of the seven special elections." He suggests that if he had had the kind of money the NRCC had, the margin would have been even higher.

John Buckley agrees with Mr. Anthony that the DCCC's debt is no big deal. But he notes that the DCCC chairman is not telling the full story when he pleads poverty. For in elections there are two kinds of financing: Federal Election Commission money, or "clean money," and the donations of cash and services, mainly from unions, that are legal, but do not need to be reported as campaign contributions. As a *party* the NRCC raises much more money than the DCCC, which suggests that the Republican message is more popular (the NRCC base is made up of small donors whose average contribution is $24). But as a machine, which is what matters, the DCCC can count on far more power.

Since 1981, for example, unions have donated some $84 million in FEC dollars to congressional races, 93.2 per cent of it going to Democrats. Then there is the soft

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

money, estimated in the hundreds of millions—and that does not even count PAC money, in which the Democrats have a similar edge. Even more important than the money itself are the intangibles, particularly the volunteer manpower upon which so much of any election depends. None of this shows up in the FEC reports, but it is all at the Democrats' disposal.

"Republicans tend to go out and buy talent, hire pollsters, hire professionals," even hourly workers for their phone banks, but "that hired help is no damn substitute for volunteers at the grass-roots level," says Brooks Jackson, *Wall Street Journal* reporter and author of *Honest Graft*, a book on the rise of the DCCC.

As Jackson reports in his book, it wasn't always so.

Tony Coelho spent his time courting the Republicans' single biggest donor group, business PACs, convincing them to give to the Democrats instead of investing too heavily in a Republican minority.

Indeed, back in the early 1980s the ascendancy of Ronald Reagan, coupled with the NRCC's fundraising skills, had the Democrats worried. Enter Representative Tony Coelho (D., Calif.), who took over as DCCC chairman. Almost immediately he went to work to revitalize the organization and bring in more money. Many of his improvements he copied from the NRCC. But perhaps his most impressive feat was to redirect attention from the liability of having lost the White House to the asset of controlling Congress. "Through the Reagan years, when most of the major issues were working for the Republicans, Coelho played a major role, second perhaps only to that of Tip O'Neill, in keeping the House of Representatives in Democratic control," reads his entry in *The Almanac of American Politics*.

What he did, in other words, is revive—and modernize—the old party boss system based on favors. The Democrats controlled Congress and therefore controlled much of the legislative agenda, and this was the message he took to the field. In particular he spent his time personally courting (and threatening) what had been the Republicans' single biggest donor group, business PACs, convincing them to give to the Democrats' candidates instead of investing too heavily in a Republican minority. Calls from committee chairmen reinforced the message. In short, a shakedown.

It had the desired effect. Today, business PACs give more money to Democratic candidates than to Republicans. Together with the labor-union PAC contributions (which have always gone almost exclusively to Democrats), they accounted for $67,643,389 in 1988, nearly twice as much as Republican candidates got. So while the NRCC raises more money directly than the DCCC, the latter still enjoys considerably more financial clout. The DCCC's own money by and large is irrelevant.

The Democrats also benefit in Congress from the same culture that earns them such a walloping in presidential campaigns: they instinctively think (and act) like pols, while Republicans think like legislators. One of the hottest direct-mail themes the Democrats now have is attacking the chairman of the Republican National Committee, Lee Atwater. "Atwater's ability to help Democrats raise money to combat his questionable political tactics is an important asset to our party. . . . Please, Atwater, don't leave. We need you where you are," wrote the chairman of the Democratic Senatorial Campaign Committee, John Breaux (D., La.) in the *Boston Globe* last summer. This kind of outlook might make for lousy legislation, but it helps explain the Democratic edge: Democrats are better at the deep and dirty of politics.

With Coelho now out of Congress, the feeling in some quarters is that the DCCC may suffer. Beryl Anthony, who took over the committee in 1987, seemed to fuel this speculation when he told a hometown Arkansas paper that all Tony Coelho did was rack up a huge debt helping candidates who would then support him in his campaign for Majority Whip. Yet whatever the disputes at the DCCC, in a sense it doesn't really matter. The party's natural constituency among labor unions, feminists, environmentalists, peaceniks, and so forth can more than make up for whatever money or manpower the debt-ridden DCCC is unable to provide. This may be a deadly coalition on the national level, as Walter Mondale found in 1984. At the local level, however, activism pays dividends.

"To understand the Democrats' success in Congress you have to understand that the Democratic Party is a coalition and not just a party," says Gingrich. "Any accurate drawing of that coalition would have to include all the big-city machines, the AFL-CIO headquarters, left-wing activists, the power of the Democratic incumbent majority in Congress, a significant number of PAC directors who are former DCCC staffers, a huge network of power."

THIS IS WHAT the NRCC is really up against in its bid to complete the conservative re-alignment by capturing the House in 1992. By that time a host of elements will be in place helping the Republicans, including redistricting, a presidential election with a Republican incumbent in the White House, coinciding with a nationwide shift in the number of registered Republicans. Gingrich estimates that the GOP could take the House if it increases voter turnout from 50 per cent to 65 per cent and gets two out of three of these new voters.

"Democrats have controlled the House since 1955 for one simple reason," writes analyst Charlie Cook, editor of the *Cook Political Report*. "They have done what they had to do when they needed to do it."

In the past this included learning from the NRCC. Likewise, for the Republicans, taking control of the House in 1992 involves learning from the Democrats, particularly the lesson that the campaign committee is only as good as the members make it. Whether the Republican Party is up for that challenge thus depends less on what goes on in the white brick NRCC headquarters on First Street than in the 176 Republican offices on Capitol Hill. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ON STAGE

The Charge of the Angry Brigade

As we debate the role of the National Endowments for the Arts and Humanities, a cautionary tale from Britain. For every Nicholas Nickleby *the subsidized theater brings forth, it produces scores of plays whose leftist conformity would make Erich Honecker feel at home.*

CHRISTOPHER TOOKEY

THE BROADWAY OPENING of yet another play from the London stage, David Hare's *The Secret Rapture*, looks at first sight like evidence of the continuing health of the British theater. If you actually see the play, however, and witness its crudely didactic characterization, ramshackle construction, and infantile politics, it presents rather a different picture.

The Secret Rapture is, in fact, one more example of a strange and disturbing anomaly: in a couple of decades when intellectual fashion and voting patterns in Britain have swung dramatically to the right, not a single right-wing dramatist has emerged from the British subsidized theater. Anyone who attends new plays put on by the National Theatre, the Royal Shakespeare Company, or the Royal Court might reasonably deduce that Britain is firmly in the grip of the "loony Left."

David Hare's new play—like most others of his recently—started out at London's National Theatre. The National's new director, Richard Eyre, has long been a patron of three of the country's leading left-wing playwrights: David Hare, Howard Brenton, and Trevor Griffiths. Last year, Eyre "emerged" without opposition as Sir Peter Hall's successor as mysteriously but as inexorably as any East German leader from that country's Politburo.

Eyre has recently been at pains to play down his socialism in press and TV interviews. Nevertheless, he has a far more political view of the theater than his predecessor, Sir Peter, who had even been known to vote Conservative. Eyre has never directed a right-wing play in his life, nor expressed any desire to.

Whereas the Angry Young Men of the 1950s, such as Osborne, Wesker, and Arden, seemed to be swimming with the tide of history, the Angry Middle-Aged Men of the 1980s still cling obstinately to the wreckage of socialist ideology. Kept afloat by taxpayers' money and sponsorship from a capitalistic system which they profess to despise, these writers—all well to the left even of a British Labour Party widely regarded as unelectable—continue to write plays calling for the overthrow of the Conservative Party in particular, and capitalism in general.

Who are they? A full list of the Angry Brigade would include writers such as David Edgar, Caryl Churchill, John McGrath, Stephen Poliakoff, and Snoo Wilson. The five most influential figures, however, are Edward Bond (born 1934), Trevor Griffiths (1935), Howard Brenton (1942), Howard Barker (1946), and David Hare (1947).

All five emerged from the British subsidized fringe, and all have gone on to receive numerous productions from the Royal Court, the Royal Shakespeare, or the National. Bond is most identified with the Royal Court; Brenton and Hare with the National; Griffiths and Barker with the RSC. The extent of their compatibility can be measured by the fact that Hare, Griffiths, and Brenton have even collaborated with one another.

All five see the function of theater as fundamentally political. Howard Brenton once said that the Seventies fringe was based on a dream of "alternative culture, the notion that within society as it exists you can grow another way of life which, like a beneficent and desirable cancer, will in the end spread through the Western world and change it." To this end, he argues the necessity of moving into larger theaters, "because they are, in a sense, more public."

To audiences at the National's largest theater, the Olivier, David Hare and Howard Brenton's *Pravda* (a broad satire on the English press) may have looked like a jolly romp, but in Hare's view the play meant that "we're challenging the government in the best way we can—on the stage." *The Secret Rapture*, brought to New York by Joe Papp, has as its villainess a Thatcherite junior minister; and his forthcoming film, *Paris by Night*, has as

Mr. Tookey is film and television critic of the (London) Sunday Telegraph.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

its villainess another Tory politician, who thinks that she can literally get away with murder.

Brenton is less subtle. Among his works have been *A Fart for Europe*, an anti-European think-piece, and *A Short Sharp Shock*, which portrayed the British education minister as a madman, and Mrs. Thatcher as a brutal bigot. The original title for the play was *Ditch the Bitch*.

Brenton and Hare collaborated with five other like-minded writers to come up with *England's Ireland* at the Royal Court in 1972. The play's most rousing scenes were of torture, bomb explosions, and street violence. British ministers were depicted throughout as pompous, ignorant, and uncaring, British soldiers (even working-class ones) as callous and vicious. An IRA man's sufferings were lengthily recounted and compared with those of Jesus.

Howard Barker is just as extreme. In *The Loud Boy's Life* (for the RSC) Barker's villain was a right-wing politician who believed himself to be "the leader chosen by history to lead the race"; he narrowly failed to be elected prime minister and went mad instead. In *The Hang of the Gaol* (again for the RSC) Barker depicted the whole of England as a burned-out prison. Violence and criminality, in Barker's plays, are always the fault of capitalist society. "The working-class criminals in my plays," Barker has written, "are victims of a phony individualism, seduced into aping the ideals and goals of the ruling class and squandering their real talents in the process."

Trevor Griffiths left the Labour Party in 1965, and ever since has portrayed it as the class enemy. His play *The Party* was the first play which David Hare directed at the National, and little more than a series of didactic socialist monologues topped and tailed by domestic bickering. In the words of one critic who saw it revived for TV in 1988, the play "demonstrated, more convincingly than any amount of documentary, the hopeless fragmentation and mutual hatred of the far Left." The critic added acidly that he was "not entirely sure that this was Mr. Griffiths's purpose."

Griffiths's longest work has been for television: an 11-part dramatic series, entitled *Bill Brand* (1976). This was the story of a left-wing politician being outflanked by the right wing of the Labour Party. In Griffiths's series, one-dimensional villains of the Labour Right rode roughshod over the aspirations of much more rounded individuals of the Left: arguably the reverse of what was happening in reality.

The critic Sean Day-Lewis put his finger on the central weakness of both the series and the writer when he wrote: "Alas, Griffiths has no Shavian talent for presenting a debate between equals. The more detestable Brand found a man's views, the more Griffiths turned that man into a caricature." Whereas political playwrights of an earlier age—Shaw (as Mr. Day-Lewis mentions) and Galsworthy, for example—were careful to write rounded characters so that all sides of an argument were presented, the Angry Brigade are so sure of the wrongness of the Right that they present us with only one-dimensional melodramatic villains.

The most extreme of the Angry Brigade is also the oldest. Edward Bond was once compared by Sir Peter Hall to "an engaging boy who has joined a secret gang. In his case the gang is Marxism." Before casting actors for his play *The Woman* at the National, Bond went so far as to interrogate all of the auditioning actors about their politics.

His own politics operate at a gut, rather than intellectual, level. He argues, for instance, that people who vote "for" nuclear weapons are not expressing their own feelings, unless they would also be willing to go out and burn people to death personally with a blowtorch. Class hatred and a belief that parliamentary democracy is a shame lie at the core of Bond's plays. "There can be no democracy," he has written, "where the rich own the newspapers and are read by the poor. It is a vicious hypocrisy to believe otherwise." It is no great surprise that Bond believes in the power of propaganda.

A RECURRING THEME in the Angry Brigade's plays is the debunking or, as they would say, "demythologizing" of great figures from British history. The Antarctic explorer Captain Scott has come under attack from Howard Brenton (in a 1971 play, *Scott of the Antarctic*) and Trevor Griffiths (*The Last Place on Earth*, a TV series commissioned by David Hare's ex-wife, Margaret Matheson, in 1985). The subtitle of Griffiths's series, incidentally, was "Rejoice," a sarcastic reference to Mrs. Thatcher's patriotic words during the Falklands War.

Richard Eyre's regime at the Nottingham Playhouse celebrated Winston Churchill's centenary in 1974 with Brenton's *The Churchill Play*. Churchill appears in the play as a man whose obsession is not with fighting Nazi Germany, but with the fear of inheriting syphilis from his father. Churchill is also seen to fake sympathy for victims of the Blitz. Despite its title, *The Churchill Play* is not about Churchill at all. It is about the mythologizing of Churchill by a British dictatorship in 1984, which has introduced concentration camps into which dissidents are thrown for indefinite sentences. When the play was revived in 1988 by the RSC, the date of right-wing repression was brought forward.

Although a history graduate of Cambridge University, Howard Barker is the most hysterically inaccurate historian of the five. In *The Castle*, Barker depicts a lord of the manor returning home unexpectedly from the Crusades to discover that his wife has taken a lesbian lover and is reigning over a kind of 1970s feminist utopia. In *The Love of a Good Man*, Barker turns his attention to the Great War and depicts the Prince of Wales (with perhaps a hint of injustice) as a vain publicity-seeker who at one point loses control of his bowels on stage.

In *Early Morning*, Edward Bond showed Queen Victoria and Florence Nightingale having a lesbian affair. In *Bingo*, Bond condemned his fellow playwright Shakespeare for oppressing the proletariat, and castigated Shakespeare's plays for lacking political commitment. You have, I suppose, to admire Bond's self-confidence.

Perhaps the least appealing aspect of all these writers, though, is their casual attitude toward violence. Glass hatred finds physical expression in virtually all their plays. The intention, as with terrorism, is to shock us out of our complacency.

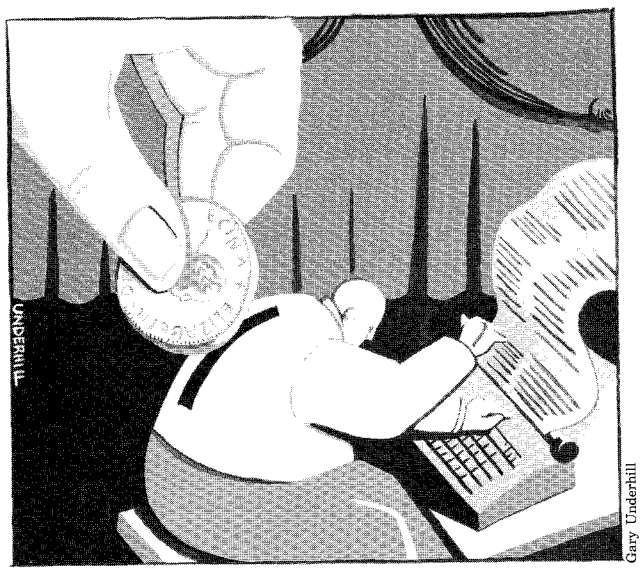
In one of Brenton's earliest plays, *Fruit* (directed by David Hare), a deformed capitalist burns off his chauffeur's ears. In Brenton's *Sore Throats*, a sadistic policeman kicks his foul-mouthed wife around the stage. She is a

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

relatively sympathetic figure by Brenton's standards, and eventually gains her revenge by spending her husband's money on lesbian orgies.

The climax of Brenton's *Magnificence* is when our hero—having asked the ghost of Lenin how best to express his social indignation—blows himself up with a cabinet minister, as the latter is peacefully mowing his lawn. Although Brenton portrays this act as one of magnificent futility, we are of course asked to sympathize with our angry young activist, not with his defenseless co-victim.

Brenton's most notorious play, *The Romans in Britain*, seeks to draw parallels between the Romans' conquest of Britain and the British army's presence in Northern Ireland. To this end, Brenton introduces scenes of rape, necrophilia, torture, and the drinking of human blood. (You mean you didn't realize the British army went in for such things in Northern Ireland?) The most notorious scene—for which the director of the play was put on trial under the 1956 Sexual Offenses Act for "procuring male persons to perform immoral acts"—features a Roman soldier sodomizing a defenseless Druid.



Gary Underhill

Trevor Griffiths is, by comparison, restrained; but even his best-known stage play, *Comedians*, originally directed in 1975 by Richard Eyre, climaxes in an aggressive, hate-filled, and deliberately unfunny "stand-up" routine by the hero, who launches a bloody and unprovoked attack on a female dummy in evening dress. The reason our hero is entitled to murder a symbol of bourgeois womanhood is, apparently, that he once visited a concentration camp and despises fascism in all its forms.

Howard Barker's plays are the nearest the theater has yet got to the video nasty. His evening of ten short (but not sufficiently short) plays, *Possibilities*, features rape, infanticide, casual killings, decapitation, dismemberment, flogging, and torture. His play *The Last Supper* climaxes with Barker's Twelve Apostles stabbing and eating the Christ-figure.

Barker's spiritual father, Edward Bond, was the last British playwright to run afoul of theatrical censorship before its abolition in 1968. "I have two 'lasts,' " he once boasted. "I wrote the last play to be censored, *Saved*, and the last to be banned, *Early Morning*. I'm quite proud of that." *Saved*—his most notorious play—depicted the stoning to death of a baby in its carriage. In updating the story of *Lear*, Bond evidently reckoned that the original Shakespeare needed livening up a bit, and wrote in an even more elaborately repulsive eye-gouging scene. For good measure, a tongue is cut out, a knitting needle is inserted into an ear, a bloody autopsy is conducted on stage, and a woman is kicked and bayoneted to death.

Bond has boasted: "I write about violence as naturally as Jane Austen wrote about manners." He argues that his violent images reflect the violence that is done to people by capitalism. David Hare has been quoted as saying that his own aggressiveness stems from a basic contempt for people who go to the theater. Howard Brenton has been reported as saying that he regards the stage as the sump into which his poisons and malice drain.

WHATEVER the pathology of such writers, there is obviously a place in the theater for violence (Shakespeare and Jacobean plays are full of it), and even for sexual hatred (there is, after all, a great deal of that in Strindberg). But for the Angry Brigade, violence and shock-value seem to have taken the place of drama.

Their approach to sex is equally bizarre. From his earliest plays, such as *Apricots*, Trevor Griffiths has equated sexual potency with political machismo. In *The Party*, the most politically impotent character is also sexually impotent. The same notion crops up again in Griffiths's screenplay for *Reds*, a film which might have been subtitled "How Becoming a Revolutionary Can Improve Your Sex Life." Is Mr. Griffiths trying to tell us something about his own sexual prowess?

There is also the irony that when you look at what they do, rather than at what they write, members of the Angry Brigade seem to behave rather more like possessive individualists than like socialists. David Hare, for example, co-founded Joint Stock, a fringe theater company, with an old friend from the Royal Court, Bill Gaskill. Together with Howard Brenton, they put on a number of landmark fringe productions of the Seventies. These used actors' improvisation to build up explicitly socialist plays, which Hare or Brenton would then go away and write up. "And take the credit for," remarks one of their actors with a trace of bitterness, "not to mention the money."

Like Hare, Trevor Griffiths has a reputation for ruthlessness and domineering. A working-class product of the English grammar-school system that was killed off by the Labour Party, Griffiths has never lacked pushiness. When he lost his Catholic faith in his teens, he thought the event of sufficient importance for him to write to the Pope. Griffiths stood out as the most vociferous of seven contributors to the Seventies play, *Lay By*. "Whoever could yell loudest got their line in," recalls another of the collaborators, David Hare. "Trevor yelled louder than anybody."

Griffiths, like Hare, wants to work more in films. "I have to work with the popular imagination," says Griffiths. "I am not interested in talking to 38 university graduates in a cellar in Soho." Film also, of course, pays better. Griffiths occasionally speaks to friends about moving to live in the Third World, although he has not so far done so. Perhaps he is allergic to mosquitoes.

A working-class Londoner who left school at 14, Edward Bond is the most personally aggressive of the five. "God

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

help us," said Sir Peter Hall in his diaries, "if, come the revolution, he was ever made Minister of Culture. We'd all be in the salt mines." Bond insists on directing his own plays. His assistant director on *The Woman* asked to be allowed to leave the National production after Bond attacked him for having attended a fee-paying school.

During rehearsals for *The Woman*, Hall became increasingly depressed at Bond's totalitarianism and lack of interest in the actors playing small parts. "The way he goes on," Hall recorded, "is amazingly at variance with the attitudes revealed in his plays."

PERHAPS fortunately, however, dramatic incompetence renders much of the Angry Brigade's work ineffective, and even counterproductive. A revealing example occurs in Edward Bond's *The Fool*. The most dramatic moment in the play is when an elderly country parson in the seventeenth century is stripped naked and humiliated by villagers demanding fair shares in the fruits of the rural economy. Anyone except Bond might see that audiences would sympathize more with the parson than the villagers (as indeed they did); but when this point was put to him by Melvyn Bragg, himself a socialist, on the British Arts TV program *The South Bank Show*, Bond's reply was characteristically austere. "Sympathy," said Bond, "is not a good ground for judgment."

David Hare's ineffectiveness as a political writer lies, similarly, in his clumsiness. When Hare writes a villain, you can't help warming to him. The villainous Rupert Murdoch figure, Lambert le Roux, in *Pravda* was easily the most attractive character in the play, as was the wicked capitalist in *Knuckle*, the young diplomat in *Plenty*, the cynical Indian author in *A Map of the World*.

In the same way, Trevor Griffiths was dismayed and depressed when one of his most verbally and physically aggressive plays, *Oi for England*, was widely misunderstood by audiences to be a glorification of the kind of white racism favored by British skinheads.

Similarly, when David Edgar's play for the RSC, *Destiny*, was put on television (needless to say, by David Hare's ex-wife, Margaret Matheson), there had to be added, in the words of the then Literary Manager of the Royal Shakespeare Company, Colin Chambers, "a strong speech by a trade unionist to clear up any doubts" as to whether the play was for or against the National Front. Chambers, incidentally, left his influential post at the RSC to become theater critic for the Communist newspaper, the *Morning Star*.

Of course, the Angry Middle-Aged Men have dissimilarities as well as similarities. All are talented, to some degree or another. Some of them are pleasant human beings. None of them are bogeymen. The point is, however, that they have a surprising amount in common. They have managed to arrive at a unanimity of opinion that would do credit to any country in the Eastern bloc.

Unfortunately, people on the Right tend, when enraged by a play, to appear as if they are trying to restrict freedom of speech. Invoking the law is, in reality, usually counterproductive. Howard Brenton's *The Romans in Britain* opened to poor reviews and tiny audiences. Under attack from the Right, the play became a curiosity and attracted much larger audiences.

Quite rightly, the British system of arts subsidy ensures that government money goes to the arts without government control over what the arts should say or do. The system has achieved a very great deal, and is envied by many actors, producers and theatergoers throughout the world. The kind of lengthy workshop rehearsals which subsidy enables has led to *Nicholas Nickleby*, Peter Brooks's *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, and even to musical hits such as *Les Misérables*.

There is, however, a downside to public subsidy; and one aspect of this is the predictability, prejudice, and power of a generation of playwrights and directors insulated by subsidy from their potential audience.

The culture of dependency breeds not only dependency, but also an arrogant belief that this is the only possible culture there can be. Thus we are exposed to endless plays

Edward Bond is the most personally aggressive of the five angry playwrights. 'God help us,' wrote Sir Peter Hall, 'if he was ever made Minister of Culture. We'd all be in the salt mines.'

advocating the destruction of capitalism, and not a single one extolling the benefits of self-help or enterprise, let alone questioning the culture of dependency. When was the last time anyone saw a businessman in a new play on the subsidized stage who wasn't a crook?

If you wished to meet working-class theatergoers in London today, you would go not to a play by Hare, Brenton, Griffiths, Bond, or Barker, but to one of the big musicals. If you wanted to see Thatcherite values attacked effectively, you would do better to avoid the Angry Brigade and sit through the work of a British playwright more than capable of holding his own in the unsubsidized theater, Alan Ayckbourn.

At a time when the newly renamed "Royal" National Theatre is increasingly dependent on business sponsorship as well as its box office, its new director, Mr. Eyre, has even begun to deny that he is a Marxist. Marxism, he says modestly, "requires sociological and political knowledge which I don't possess." He now describes his belief during the Seventies that plays can culturally emancipate the proletariat as "*folie de grandeur*."

Eyre argues nowadays that "it's almost a definition of class that if you go to the theater, you're middle-class." It is a measure of how far the Left's playwrights and directors have been left behind the times that those who remain writing and directing for the theater are now largely resigned to reaching only middle-class audiences. The irony is that Eyre, Hare, and their allies were, to a great extent, correct in the 1970s: subsidized theaters which are financed by all taxpayers in society should not be geared to the satisfaction of a small section of the middle class. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

INTERLUDE

Reagan Revisited

ANTHONY R. DOLAN

THE SECURITY is there but unobtrusive, the sun comes into the offices easily and from all sides, and Selina Jackson, an assistant to Reagan chief of staff Fred Ryan, is the single replacement for what was once squads of official photographers. A change from the White House days.

A photo with the former President is *de rigueur* for visiting former staff members, so Selina does her thing. Then I step aside. Reagan wants a shot of himself next to a painting he has just hung in his office. It is of a horse—skillfully done. The photo will be his gift back, he explains with some delight, to the precocious nine-year-old artist, the daughter of a lady who works in his barbershop.

Which reminds me of Elizabeth. During his first term, Reagan was well down the West Wing driveway when her father, a visitor, yelled, "Mr. President, Elizabeth came to the White House today just to see you." Reagan turned back. Ribbon in her hair, white gloves and pocketbook, holding a stuffed animal, six-year-old Elizabeth looked up. The septuagenarian President looked down. They shook hands. The photographers moved in. For a few moments, the Reagan of the evening news—the cold-warrior and budget-battler with Congress—faded from view.

Or the teenaged girl at the rally in Missouri. Her ninety-year-old grandfather had heard Reagan was in town and wanted to shake hands with him—couldn't this, she asks straightforwardly, be arranged? It seemed simple enough to her; which was sad because the chances were slim. But Reagan heard about her request and after his speech made his way over. He left and I followed; but before running for the motorcade I stopped for a moment to watch them. I can still see the girl's face.

Mr. Dolan, a Visiting Fellow at the American Enterprise Institute, was chief speechwriter in the Reagan White House.

It wasn't just kids or teenagers, though. Confronted with contending factions within the Administration, all of whom wanted their views represented exclusively, a woefully inexperienced, 33-year-old speechwriter tried in 1981 to produce a draft for Reagan's first major foreign-policy address. He worked long nights. The draft went in. Word came back a day later: the President was writing his own draft. Failure, big time.

The next day I was called to the phone with words that are a fair piece

Tim Bower

of magic in any White House: "The President wants to speak with you." Reagan wanted to say he appreciated my work and the "many fine things" in the draft, some of which he was keeping. It's just that his view of the speech was different from some other people's. He talked about the pressures of working at the White House. "I hear they had a committee helping you write this." He chuckled.

Awfully nice of you, I said later to my bosses, having the President bolster staff morale with a phone call. One of them told me, in a way that made it clear he was not all that happy with Reagan reaching down to one of his subordinates, "Reagan's calling was Reagan's idea."

The speech, to the graduating class at Notre Dame, which in fact Reagan rewrote entirely, went well. Something I would see happen over the years. When he didn't like the drafts sent him for the "Gang of 17" budget negotiations in 1983, he sat down the day of his nationwide broadcast and—with a visit from the Prime Minister of someplace squeezed in—rolled his own. Or after the exhausting three days with Gorbachev in Reykjavik, the yellow sheets with the distinctive handwriting came down from the residence for the speech that night. It was better than what we had come up with. This, from the President who was supposed to need imagemakers and scriptwriters to look good.

It was not just the writing. Reagan simply had different ideas from most of his resident geniuses. Particularly the celebrated pragmatists who advised him against most of what worked: Reaganomics—the tax cuts and supply-side theory responsible for the biggest economic boom in history. Not to mention high defense budgets, SDI, the zero-option formula, and, most especially, Reagan's insistence on talking candidly about the Soviets while trying to negotiate with them—the very step that may have caused a legitimacy crisis in the Soviet Union and led to the rise of Gorbachev.

Still, the suggestion that a kind of moral force generated by Reagan's will and words brought about the current crisis of Communism is, for adherents to the conventional wisdom, a long way to go. A thesis obviously needing book-length treatment, which, come to think of it, in something called *Undoing the Evil Empire: How Reagan Won the Cold War*, I am completing.

On the day I visit him, Reagan knows this. But it doesn't come up. As ever, I am more interested in getting him to talk about Hollywood. In the old days on Air Force One, I would ask a question or two and start the stories going. In his office now he has me over by the window, showing me the old 20th Century studio lot. I mention I was at a dinner party given by a former actress, Dani Janssen, and met a fellow named Lew Wasserman, whom I guess he knows of. This amuses Reagan, since Wasserman is the Hollywood demigod who runs the behemoth MCA and was once Rea-

(Continues on page 58)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Artful Dodger

DONALD DEVINE

HOW DOES ONE deal with a biographer who admits that he and his wife once heckled his subject during a speech? His wife, whom he describes as his most valuable critic, kept insisting to the author as he was writing his study of the man, "God, how I hate him."

There is no doubt where Richard Nixon's principal biographer stands politically. Stephen Ambrose is a liberal Republican, dovish on foreign policy, a liberal's liberal on civil rights and welfare, and a believer in order (with some curious exceptions like his own heckling). All in all, he's a centrist, and although Ambrose loves his hero Dwight Eisenhower's moderate record, he almost turned on Ike as the former President became increasingly conservative in retirement. On the other hand, as Ambrose learned more about Nixon, he almost came to admire him. In his volumes on Eisenhower, Ambrose cut-

Nixon: Volume II, The Triumph of a Politician, 1962-1972, by Stephen M. Ambrose (Simon & Schuster, 736 pp., $24.95)

tingly dismissed Nixon as a right-winger. But when he seriously studied him, Ambrose came to realize Nixon was also a centrist, and came to respect his views on foreign policy and civil rights.

But what does Ambrose's work tell us about Richard Nixon? Unquestionably, it reveals that what one might admire about Nixon is the legacy of his policies. As Ambrose's final evaluation of Nixon's foreign policy puts it: "He was a bold, innovative, high-risk President who had succeeded in bringing a majority of his countrymen with him on adventures into wholly new areas—most obviously, the opening to China, détente with the Soviets, and the beginning of arms limitations. These were his special triumphs, and uniquely his. No one else could have done what he did. To be sure, this was in large part because only President Nixon did not have to deal with Nixon as a critic; without Nixon to lead it, the right wing of the Republican Party, which opposed all three initiatives, could not mount an effective opposition." On the domestic side, Ambrose finds Nixon's major initiatives to be the family-assistance proposal, revenue sharing, and economic controls. To put it simply, Nixon took conservatives for granted and followed a liberal agenda. Most of all, though, Nixon simply drifted with the tide.

Nixon had hardly been in office for a month when he ordered the bombing of Cambodia. The decision was "not appealable," but his Secretaries of Defense and State did appeal and caused the President to back down, additionally getting him to support a plan cutting missile defenses. Six months later, when North Korea shot down an American reconnaissance aircraft, his Secretaries once again held him back from any serious response. This indecisiveness peaked during his first summer in office, when he had his National Security Advisor, Henry Kissinger, deliver an ultimatum to North Vietnam: Either go to the peace table by November 1, 1969, or the United States will "be compelled—with the greatest reluctance—to take measures of the greatest consequences."

Tim Bower

Come November, Nixon let moratorium demonstrations dissuade him and the deadline passed. Nothing of consequence happened, and the North Vietnamese Communists learned in 11 months what Nixon's domestic opponents had not learned in twenty years: Nixon was a bluffer. American policy in Vietnam was doomed from that day forward. Nixon made the decision not to pursue victory; to rally the Silent Majority for peace rather than the Right for war. What's more, he decided to rely upon the Soviet Union and Communist China to pressure the North Vietnamese to the conference table. It was a clever plan: create an opening to China, establish détente with the Soviet Union, and then use both to help end the American war. But because no one else knew the plan, no one could rally in support of it or its creator, a fault that would eventually doom the strategy and its author.

Ambrose's summary of Nixon on Vietnam is cruel, but accurate: "Nearly all the names in the left-hand side of the Vietnam Wall in Washington commemorate men who died in action while Richard Nixon was their Commander-in-Chief, and they died after he had decided that the war could not be won."

Nixon's indecisiveness was by no means limited to military policy. On intelligence, Nixon approved the Houston Plan on July 14, 1970, and then revoked it on July 28, 1970. Had that more rational plan been followed, the keystone-cops Plumbers might never have come into existence, and perhaps there would have been no Watergate. On Nixon's number-one domestic issue, law and order, he admitted he was unable to devise a workable strategy. On wage and price controls, in August of 1970, he told Congress he neither wanted nor would use such powers if they were given to him. One year later, the President

Mr. Devine, former Director of the U.S. Office of Personnel Management, is a Washington political and management consultant, and chairman of Citizens for America.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Order
Your 1990 Conservative Calendar
Today

Every day of the year highlights events significant to Conservatives.

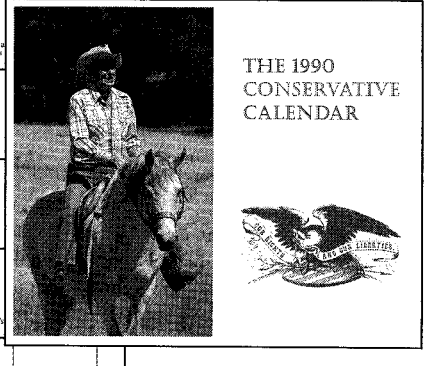
Unfolds to 12″ x 20″

"I should sooner live in a society governed by the first two thousand names in the Boston telephone directory than in a society governed by the two thousand faculty members of Harvard University."

WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY JR.

JANUARY

SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
	1 *New Year's Day*	2 Georgia ratifies Constitution (1788)	3 U.S. breaks diplomatic ties with Cuba (1961)	4 Carter imposes Soviet grain embargo (1980)	5 Cambodia becomes a Communist People's Republic (1976)	6
7 U.S. imposes economic sanctions against Libya (1986)	8 Fidel Castro entered Havana in Triumph (1959)	9 MacArthur returns to Philippines (1945)	10 Thomas Paine publishes *Common Sense* (1776)	11 Alexander Hamilton's Birthday (1775)	12 Edmund Burke's Birthday (1729)	13
14 Ratification Day	15 *Martin Luther King Jr's Birthday*	16 Religious Freedom Day	17 Benjamin Franklin's Birthday (1706)	18 Daniel Webster's Birthday (1782)	19 Leon Trotsky exiled (1929)	20
21 Alger Hiss found guilty (1950)	22 Roe vs. Wade (1973)	23 Jerusalem proclaimed Israel's Capital (1950)	24 Winston Churchill dies (1965)	25 Qadhafi parole line of death (1986)	26 Douglas MacArthur's Birthday (1880)	27
28 Jean Monet's Birthday (1853)	29 Thomas Paine's Birthday (1737)	30 Tet Offensive (1968)	31 1st successful U.S. satellite launched (1958)			



"Splendidly done—reminds us of much we should be reminded of, and much we wish we could forget."

William F. Buckley Jr.'s comment on The 1989 Conservative Calendar

Excellent all new color photographs on high-quality paper stock with quotes from today's most respected conservatives:

William F. Buckley
Charlton Heston
Jack Kemp
Jeane Kirkpatrick
Richard M. Nixon
Antonin Scalia
Margaret Thatcher
and more!

Makes a wonderful Christmas gift.

Send a check or money order for $9.95 per copy ($8.50 per copy for 5 or more) and $1.50 P&H (add 25¢ for each additional copy) to:

The Conservative Calendar
P.O.Box 44084
Washington, DC 20026

Make check payable to: The Conservative Calendar

Clip or Photocopy

Name _____

Street Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Number of Calendars _____ @ 9.95 Each

Sub-Total _____

Who would you like to see in the 1991 Conservative Calendar?

Postage _____

Total _____

_____

NR1124

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

made wage and price controls the centerpiece of his "New Economic Policy." And then he closed the window of gold convertibility to boot. On Cuba, Nixon talked tough all his life, but actually managed to move to the left of John Kennedy. Kennedy agreed not to invade Cuba, but refused to put it in writing. Nixon did—against the advice of the State Department, no less—and bound future Administrations in the bargain. Lest anyone doubt the facts in any one of these cases, Nixon himself confirms them all in his *Memoirs*. This reviewer, like Ambrose, finds Nixon "almost embarrassingly revealing" about what he has done.

Ambrose concludes that Nixon knew much more and was "far more innovative, less stuck with the clichés of the cold war," than either John Kennedy or Lyndon Johnson had been. Ambrose arrives at that conclusion from the assumption that "America could not destroy the Communists, as it had destroyed the Nazis. The Communists were not going to self-destruct, as the Spanish Empire had in the Philippines and Cuba." To Ambrose, Nixon took the only rational approach: warm up to the Soviets and Communist Chinese, and win them over. In the words of Ambrose's naïve political science, "For the first time in the cold war, there was a constituency for peace. Not all, by any means, but surely a majority was saying, 'give peace a chance.' "

Admirers of John Lennon may indeed consider Nixon a success, but the question for realists is, Did his strategy work? Certainly Nixon gave a critical moral victory to his enemies in Vietnam, and that failure *is* Nixon's. His unwillingness to make the decision to fight the war seriously, his dalliance thereafter, and, finally, his incredibly inept handling of Watergate: all of these contributed decisively to America's defeat. At the bottom line, had Nixon approved the all-out "Duck Hook" strategy prepared by Kissinger and Alexander Haig as a response to Hanoi's failure to talk by the November 1, 1969, deadline, there would have been many fewer combat deaths, and maybe even victory. As for détente, the question is, Did Nixon's concessions make the Soviets (and Chinese) more friendly and more reasonable, or did new economic opportunities for the Communist regimes artificially prop them up against the forces that now threaten to topple them? Was it not Ronald Reagan's willingness to spend more for defense that convinced the Soviets that they could not win a technological race with the United States?

If Reagan was correct, conservatives especially must now face the real Nixon. That he does admit the truth about his mistakes speaks well of him. Yet, no matter how tempting it is to believe otherwise, conservatives must recognize Richard Nixon as a man of the center who opportunistically leaned leftward on many matters of policy. For it is not enough to admire a man for his enemies. To their credit, some conservatives knew it at the time; but they were too few, and their voices were heard too late. Most liberals were even less perceptive: reporters and Democratic leaders let their dislike for Nixon give him a free ride for his real mistakes. But that is no excuse for conservatives.

The results of Nixon's errors live on, most notably in the excessive fear of "another Vietnam," and in his ABM treaty, which frustrates deployment of the Strategic Defense Initiative. But who can claim to be objective when evaluating Richard Nixon? I cannot dislike the man, and was not on the sidelines during his Presidency. (I was once shouted down by 15,000 screaming students when I defended Nixon's Cambodian incursion.) Still, every conservative should be required to read every one of Ambrose's seven hundred pages (or, even better, Nixon's own less opinionated *Memoirs*), as many times as it takes to understand. To be fooled once is the other's shame; but twice is one's own. □

Liberalism with a Human Face

JOSEPH SOBRAN

THE CONTRIBUTORS to *Liberalism and the Moral Life*, edited by Nancy L. Rosenblum of Brown University, are concerned to respond to the charge that liberalism is a desiccated doctrine, indifferent to moral and communal needs. Most of the 12 essayists would probably vote straight Democratic, but they understand "liberalism" in a broad enough sense that it's likely that many readers of this magazine would qualify as liberals. A liberal is approximately one who believes the chief justification of the state to be that it defends individual freedom.

Liberalism and the Moral Life, edited by Nancy L. Rosenblum (Harvard, 336 pp., $32.50)

That's the starting point for a variety of reflections, varying in quality, not easy to relate to each other, but in several cases rich, original, and stimulating. Expecting to disagree, I found myself again and again not so much "won over" as forced to see familiar questions in a new light.

In "The Liberalism of Fear," Judith Shklar argues that liberalism is "a party of memory rather than a party of hope." She contends that liberalism began as a reaction against states with grand ambitions, which were used to justify cruel practices. Since 1914, state torture and persecution have returned on a far larger scale than the old optimistic liberalism would have believed possible. This fact, she argues, only increases the pertinence of a purely negative liberalism, preoccupied with the simple prevention of state cruelty and the corrupting rule of fear. The evils formerly used in the service of religion are no less evil in the service of secular ideals. "We would do far less harm," she writes, "if we learned to accept each other as sentient beings, whatever else we may be, and to understand that physical well-being and toleration are not simply inferior to the other aims that each one of us may choose to pursue."

She replies sharply, undauntedly to the charge that liberal universalism overlooks local cultural values: "The Chinese did not really like Mao's reign any more than we would, in spite of their political and cultural difference from us." On the contrary, the relativism of this attack is "deeply illiberal, not only in its submission to tradition as an ideal, but in its

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

dogmatic identification of every local practice with deeply shared local human aspirations."

Charles Taylor denies that liberalism is anti-communitarian. Instead, he argues, liberalism can form the basis of community, because it makes possible a shared political affection that is not possible when the state serves the interests of only part of the populace while treating others with contempt. He perceptively distinguishes between the pleasures we can enjoy separately and those we enjoy as social experiences: "If we are lovers or close friends, Mozart-with-you is a quite different experience than Mozart-alone." Reversing the charge that liberalism atomizes us, he holds that it fosters a civic amity all its own.

Here I can of course give only a smack of these arguments, but one of the best resists any summary at all: George Kateb's "Democratic Individuality and the Meaning of Rights." Taking off from the "Emersonian tradition," he pits "democratic individuality" against "oppressive sociality" and describes an imaginative freedom made possible by a liberal regime but transcending politics altogether. "Democratic individuality is not egotism," he writes; "its highest purpose is to establish a new sort of connectedness, but one that bears little relation to communitarianism in a strict sense or in any loose sense." Kateb's essay is less argument than lyric, but it beautifully suggests a state of mind, fugitive but ecstatic, that liberalism frees us for: a state of "enriched inwardness," endowed with "a greater lightness, tentativeness, irony, distance, playfulness, uncertainty, awkwardness, looseness." As Miss Shklar defines liberalism in terms of a *summum malum*, Mr. Kateb offers its *summum bonum*.

Stephen Holmes brilliantly describes, and then demolishes, "The Permanent Structure of Anti-liberal Thought." It's possible to object that his composite of the critics of liberalism is a straw man, but one man's straw man is another's ideal type. The least you can say for him is that he pinpoints some common fallacies.

Anti-liberals, for example, tend to oppose liberalism to "the social." The term "social" is rarely defined usefully in their polemics, but is always implicitly good, in contrast to the allegedly "atomized" individualism of liberals. This is generally a rhetorical trick to cover for a collectivist or authoritarian agenda. The truth is that liberalism's "individual" is himself a social institution, presumed to be highly socialized (or capable of being so), but also presumed competent to choose voluntary affiliations without state coercion.

Anti-liberals also pose false alternatives: private interest versus public virtue, or base individualism versus noble community. "Anti-liberals invariably suggest that when people overcome their self-interest, they are necessarily acting in an admirable and public-spirited way. They assume, in other words, that the selfless–selfish scheme maps smoothly onto the good–bad scheme. But this leaves out of account the prominent place of selfless cruelty in human affairs." Fanatics and terrorists, for example, are often selfless communitarians, ready to kill and sometimes die for causes larger than themselves. "Those who overcome self-interest are *not* automatically benevolent or humane."

Again, liberalism is often accused of denying when it is merely differentiating. To ask a judge to ignore a defendant's religion is in no way to disparage the importance of religion in the defendant's own life, merely to affirm its irrelevance to the cause at hand.

Some of the other contributors do lean to collectivist, even socialist programs, but their arguments are less interesting, largely because they show no awareness of recent libertarian thought or simply fail to address its ideas with anything but the sort of rhetoric Holmes deflates. Most of the contributors show no sense of the importance of private property either as a right in itself or as a bulwark of other rights. But the book as a whole is redeemed by more than one insight that any political philosophy worthy of the name will have to reckon with. □

West Point Diarist

BRIAN MITCHELL

The Long Gray Line: The American Journey of West Point's Class of 1966, by Rick Atkinson (Houghton Mifflin, 565 pp., $22.95)

Glory, like beauty, is in the eye of the beholder. We are told often that there is no glory in war, but iconoclasts like Glenn Gray, author of *The Warriors*, assure us that some men, some decent men, do find glory there. War affects different men differently, so a writer who attempts to tell the story of a group of men who see the same war as well as the same peace faces the daunting task of doing justice to each man's experience.

In *The Long Gray Line*, Rick Atkinson, a reporter for the *Washington Post*, takes up that task and very quickly abandons it. Though he intends to tell the story of the West Point Class of 1966, from their entry into the Academy during the glory days of the Kennedy Administration to just after their twentieth reunion, the book is really about two colorful and confused classmates whose different reactions to the war in Vietnam propel them through two decades of public and private misadventures. The rest of the Class of 1966 appear as supporting actors, walking in and out of the pages of the book for occasional updates and asides.

This is not to say the book isn't well worth reading; it is. The asides are often poignant and compelling, and Atkinson's stars are the kind of characters a novelist would invent if they had not been born. Jack Wheeler is the scion of a long line of military men who nevertheless inherits his mother's disposition toward sentimental intellectuality. Wheeler, as presented by Atkinson, is haunted by a romantic hankering to serve some great cause and fearful of dying for no good in Vietnam. He avoids combat by staying stateside, going to graduate school, and then serving a safe tour with the headquarters and support units at Long Binh. Later, his lack of combat experience fills him with guilt, made all the worse by the

Mr. Mitchell is a reporter for the Navy Times *in Alexandria, Virginia.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

memory of an admired classmate killed in Vietnam.

Tom Carhart is a brash and daring ne'er-do-well of the class and a bona-fide West Point legend for stealing the Naval Academy's goat out from under the noses of its Marine guards. He yearns to see combat and dreams of becoming a general. He clings to the simple belief that duty means always choosing "the harder right instead of the easier wrong," as stated in the Cadet Prayer. Unfortunately for Carhart, his view of what is right often doesn't agree with everyone else's, and he very well ruins his Army career in short order. Unable to forget his missed glory, Carhart nurses a fierce pride in his combat service and his two purple hearts.

A third character also plays a prominent role for the sake of contrast and balance. George Crocker is the professional soldier. Neither a student nor an intellectual, Crocker feels most at home in the field, "doing men things in a manly manner with other men." It is significant for two reasons that Atkinson borrows this telling phrase from one of Crocker's friends. First, it is not something we would expect Atkinson to have noticed himself, given his demonstrated insensitivity to the importance of traditional sex roles among military men. Second, it appears from all else that is said about Crocker that Atkinson never gets past Crocker's carefully crafted professional persona, perhaps because Crocker is not introspective enough to supply Atkinson with a better understanding of himself, but more likely because Crocker, who was still on active duty as the book was being written, was careful never to let his mask slip. He remains the image of the good soldier, without any of the complications of being a man with a conscience.

With his dutiful wife, Vonda, at his side, Crocker stays the course in the Army for more than two decades, rising fast to command both a battalion and a brigade in the 82nd Airborne Division. Meanwhile the all too introspective Wheeler and Carhart deal separately with their disillusionment, give up their commissions, and become lawyers. They join forces later as members of the Vietnam Veterans Memorial Fund, but the controversy over Maya Lin's wall causes them to part as enemies.

Their stories would be worth reading even if rendered by a less competent writer, but Atkinson is an able storyteller. The book began as a series of articles for the *Kansas City Star*, which won Atkinson a Pulitzer Prize in 1982. Factual errors are few, a feat, considering the ignorance most journalists reveal when writing about the military. Though not a veteran, Atkinson grew up an Army brat and obviously shares the soldier's respect for proper nomenclature. He does tend to overdo the details sometimes, as if to show off the thoroughness of his research. Does the reader need or care to learn, from a book about West Point, that Henry Hudson's *Half Moon* displaced eighty tons? Such distractions occur less often after the first few chapters, when the scene is set and the narrative takes over.

It is the narrative that makes this book. The Class of 1966 played its part in history. Many served in Vietnam. A few saw action in Grenada. A classmate was bludgeoned to death by the North Koreans in the tree-pruning incident in 1976. Another survived the collapse of the scandal-ridden Wedtech Corporation. Others crossed paths with the likes of William Westmoreland, Charlie Beckwith, and James Webb.

Jennifer Lawson

But as a book about West Point, the Army, the Vietnam War, or any of the larger philosophical issues that Atkinson tries to weave into the narrative, the book disappoints. Though there is much written about duty, honor, and country, there is little said worth serious reflection. Atkinson does not have the depth of understanding to comment credibly on all of these things, and he ends his ruminations too often with glib remarks of questionable validity, like a television reporter wrapping up a sixty-second segment. Of commemorating the long dead at recent reunions, he writes, "It wasn't easy, but certainly it was easier. And that was one of the most terrible things about it." At the end of a brief passage about duty, Atkinson mentions Robert E. Lee's assertion that duty is the most sublime word in the English language, then finishes by adding, "Yet sometimes a young officer could not help noticing that it was also a four-letter word."

Of course, the search for meaning is part of the story, and confusion part of the experience of many of the characters, but the author should make some sense of things. Instead, he subjects the reader to periodic sermons from West Point's ambitious chaplain, who admires William Sloane Coffin as a prophet but is savvy enough to avoid tainting his own reputation with controversy. Atkinson returns again and again to this man, partly because he conducts the funerals of many of the class who are buried at West Point, but mostly because Atkinson likes him and is impressed with his ideas, which he airs uncritically. We are told the Christian doctrine of grace conflicts with West Point's system of reward and punishment, and that Lutherans take grace more seriously than other Christians. We are told repeatedly about the necessary separation of religion and morality. "Religion and morality, he believed, were two different beasts, not to be cross-bred," writes Atkinson. How nice that the chaplain only had to concern himself with the one that wouldn't offend anybody. Not surprisingly, this man later lands the job of chaplain of the House of Representatives.

Atkinson's personal opinions intrude most obviously when the subject is women at West Point. Here alone the author takes a rest from the grind of research and falls back comfortably on the party line. The only continuing problems with women at the Academy, he writes, are that there are not more of them and that they are still excluded from combat. He equates traditional beliefs about

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the sexes with "misogyny," which is properly defined as hatred of women. He ignores the blatant double standard affecting everything the Academy does and the deceitful way Army officials have pretended to the world that women are exactly equal to men at West Point. He minimizes the impact of the integration of women on the Academy, attributing the revolutionary reforms of the late 1970s to the 1976 cheating scandal and changes in pedagogical thinking. In fact, the cheating scandal provided a convenient cover for changes in pedagogical thinking that were inspired and accelerated by the need to protect, accommodate, and advance women.

Elsewhere Atkinson arrogantly assumes the reader will share his prejudices. He rings all the right bells for the sympathetic left-leaning reader, and when he does, the rest of us remember that this man works for the *Washington Post*. Armed guards at a bullfight in Spain are casually referred to as "Franco's thugs." Ronald Reagan is said to have been "obsessed with the new leftist state in Nicaragua." A Church of God minister is described as "spewing fire and brimstone" until his dying day. It's a shame, too, because the story of the Class of 1966 is a brave one, and Atkinson's rendering of it reads like a good novel most of the time. If only he had told us less about himself and more about the class. □

Heard on the Street

JOE MYSAK

Liar's Poker: Rising through the Wreckage of Salomon Brothers, by Michael Lewis (Norton, 265 pp., $18.95)

DURING THE 1980s, there was a "modern Gold Rush" on Wall Street, a "rare and amazing glitch in the fairly predictable history of getting and spending," writes Michael Lewis, bond salesman and participant/observer at the feast.

There was a lot going on there, a lot of literary capital to be acquired, but the subject somehow evaded most writers. The thing even confounded those masters of excess, the newsmagazine reporters. Until now, the only one who had got it right was Tom Wolfe in *The Bonfire of the Vanities*.

Mr. Lewis grew up believing in the "faith" of money, taught to him by his father—that the amount of money one earns is a rough guide to one's contribution to the welfare and prosperity of society. "It took watching his son being paid 225 grand at the age of 27, after two years on the job, to shake his faith in money," he writes in an epilogue.

A degree in art history from Princeton, which gives him just the right air of ironic detachment, obviously did not translate into a job on the Street, but a stop at the London School of Economics and a chance encounter with the wife of a Salomon Brothers managing director at a state dinner in St. James's Palace did. She quickly dissuaded him from entering investment banking: real men, she told him, go into bond sales and trading. In short order, her husband hired him, and off he went to the Salomon Brothers training program in New York.

It is difficult to remember now, but in the heady days before 1987, there was an air of invincibility about Salomon Brothers. They were big dogs in trading and underwriting. They had invented the mortgage-backed securities market. They had Henry Kaufman on the payroll, Dr. Doom, who could and did move markets with his economic forecasts. They never spoke to the press. They were arrogant, and they had the earnings to back it up.

For want of a better word, Mr. Lewis, in the course of a very funny—and serious—book, *demystifies* the bond market of the 1980s. "The biggest myth about bond traders," he writes, "and therefore the greatest misunderstanding about the unprecedented prosperity on Wall Street in the 1980s, is that they make their money by taking large risks. A few do. And all traders take small risks. But most act simply as toll takers." Not quite as felicitous as Tom Wolfe's

Mr. Mysak is managing editor of the daily Bond Buyer.

Two Ways to Obtain Secure Income from Hillsdale College

We can provide you with a stable source of income in exchange for your investment in Hillsdale College. Choose between:

1. **Hillsdale Pooled Income Fund.**
   Invests in top-rated primary obligations of the U.S. Government. Average return over the past eight years has been 10.5%.
2. **Hillsdale Gift Annuity Program.**
   Provides you with a guaranteed return that is based on your age at the time of your investment.

Hillsdale College is one of the few educational institutions in America that does not accept government funding. It is an unabashed supporter of individual liberty, the private sector, limited government and the free enterprise system. It is consistently ranked as one of the top colleges in the country.

For more information, please mail this coupon to: Mark Richter, Hillsdale College, Office of Gift & Estate Planning, Hillsdale, MI 49242, or call 800-334-8904.

Please send me information on how to receive secure income from Hillsdale College.

Name: _____

Address: _____

City: _____

State: _____ Zip: _____

HILLSDALE COLLEGE

HILLSDALE, MICHIGAN 49242 • 517/437-7341 • 517/439-1524 • FAX 517/437-3923

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

RANDOM NOTES

■ HARPER'S BIZARRE: Lewis Lapham, editor of *Harper's Magazine*, once made a practice of hiring writers and editors across the political spectrum. Over the past few years, though, something in him has evolved leftward, and that evolution may nearly have done a fellow named John Taft out of a book, a television series, and two years of work.

Lapham hired Taft in 1987 with the title of *Harper's* Washington editor, but really to produce six hour-long TV shows, narrated by Lapham, about the rise and decline of American world power—and while he was at it to write a book as a companion to the series. That series, *America's Century*, aired its first installment last week on PBS. Taft's companion volume, *American Power*, was scheduled to be published by Harper & Row at the beginning of October. When bound proofs went out in July, promising a foreword, to come, by Lapham, it looked as if everything was proceeding according to plan. It wasn't. In March, apparently, Lapham had developed second thoughts about Taft. In April, Taft was dropped from the *Harper's* masthead. Representatives of Lapham and Harper & Row chatted, and, fearing legal action, H&R announced an indefinite suspension of its publication schedule for Taft's book. Though lately H&R publicists have been talking about a December release and Taft has been billed in the series as its "originator," for a time it seemed that *American Power* might not be published, and that Taft might not receive appropriate credit for his work on *America's Century*.

What happened? Taft won't say. As for Lapham, asked to comment on Harper & Row's fall catalogue, which describes the book as "a companion to the six-part series narrated by Lewis H. Lapham," the editor says H&R "made that up. The series has got nothing to do with the book. Maybe it did at its inception, but I saw that catalogue with great surprise." A look at both series and companion suggest an additional, political interpretation. Taft's basically centrist book offers a straightforward account of what its subtitle calls *The Rise and Decline of U.S. Globalism, 1918–1988*. On the other hand, even the *New York Times* describes *America's Century* as an exercise in "America-bashing." Take, for example, part four, "The Imperial Masquerade," which treats of Fifties and Sixties anti-Communism. Particular attention is paid to the CIA and its "criminal activities," and to John Foster Dulles, newsreel clips of whom appear repeatedly on the screen to the accompaniment of music straight off the soundtrack to *Nightmare on Elm Street*. On the subject of the Vietnam War, in contemporary footage General Giap appears as a guest commentator, invoking George Washington and the Declaration of Independence. Taft, on the other hand, argues merely that Vietnam was probably a hopeless cause; he prefers phrases like "the throw of the dice that failed." American internationalism, he admits, may well have had its own "special nature and justification." And so it goes.

■ BEGINNING OF HISTORY: Given the astounding prices routinely paid these days for books of even the most modest commercial promise, perhaps it shouldn't come as a great surprise that the idea for a book based on Francis Fukuyama's "The End of History?"—an essay of often abstract political philosophy with a thesis deriving from Hegel—has sold to Free Press for an advance of $275,000. Tentatively titled *The End of History and the Last Man*, the book will use Fukuyama's essay to introduce a fresh look at Friedrich Nietzsche's prophecy that the near future belongs to the "Last Man," that bland, sheep-like creature Nietzsche predicted would prepare the way for the Overman. Is that what Fukuyama believes we can expect in the post-historical world? "I'm not a philosopher, so I don't have the ability to answer that," says Fukuyama, "but I can pose the question." Another question is, Will America buy it? Erwin Glikes, publisher of Free Press, says the book will be "commercially major," and it's a hopeful sign that the author's high-powered agent, Esther Newberg of ICM, has already sold off international rights in Germany, Italy, and France. In order merely to recoup his advance, though, Glikes will need to sell something like seventy thousand copies in this country alone. Brave man.

—DAVID KLINGHOFFER

image of bond men taking the crumbs of cake that fall between the cracks, but still good and accurate in its way.

Two forces fueled the Eighties bond boom, according to Lewis. The first was Paul Volcker's Federal Reserve, which decided on a policy encouraging floating interest rates. This led to more volatility in the market, which is what traders and salesmen rely on to sell bonds. The second was America's borrowers, federal, municipal, corporate, and consumer, who loaded up on debt. Trades exploded in both size and frequency, with salesmen moving, Mr. Lewis writes, not $5 million per week, but $300 million in bonds *each day*.

> Our bond market was setting the tone and the pace on Wall Street in the 1980s. Salomon Brothers was at the crossroads of change, gorging itself on the windfall from being at the right place at the right time, priding itself, justifiably, on its superior bond-trading skills. But all the time wearing a blindfold. It lacked an accurate vision of where this explosion in the bond market would lead. There was no shortage of opinions on what to do with the windfall gains. A trader always has a view. But the opinions were both arbitrary and self-indulgent. And Salomon Brothers, from 1980 onward, took what must be one of the most expensive and fanciful commercial rides in the history of the American corporation. For most of that ride it patted itself on the back.

Mr. Lewis takes the reader through his schoolboy's progress as trainee and geek in the trading room, to high-powered swashbuckler. The author has a puckish appreciation for the comic. Yet he also has the knack of explaining precisely how complex deals really work. He provides the most readable explanation I've seen anywhere of the origin within Salomon Brothers of the mortgage-backed securities market, and at the same time includes an irreverent profile of one of its fathers, Lewis Ranieri: "Ranieri created a trading desk in his own image: Italian, self-educated, loud, and fat." Of that trading desk he writes, "For each step forward in market technology they took a step backward in human evolution. As their numbers grew from six to 25 they became louder, ruder, fatter, and less concerned with their relations with the rest of the firm. Their culture was based on food, and as strange as that sounds, it was stranger still to those who watched mortgage traders eat."

Mr. Lewis details how Salomon's

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

inadequate compensation plan doomed its monopoly position in the mortgage-backed securities market, and harmed its position in other markets: "From the point of view of other firms, Salomon mortgage traders were cheap at any price. They provided entry to an enormous market from which a firm was otherwise excluded. They were often paid, therefore, far more than expected." When they left for other firms, that is. In one notable scene, Lewis is informed that his bonus will be $45,000, bringing his total salary for the previous year to $90,000. At first, he is delighted. But upon reflection,

> I decided, in the end, I had been taken for a ride, a view I still think is strictly correct. I wasn't sure how many millions I had made for Salomon Brothers, but by any fair measure I deserved much more than $90,000. By the standards of our Monopoly-money business, ninety grand was like being on welfare. I felt cheated, genuinely indignant. How else could I feel? I looked around and saw people getting much more money when they hadn't generated a penny of the revenues themselves.

Salomon subsequently broke its own compensation rules, and Lewis saw his earnings more than double.

It's only a small part of his story, but he covers in nice detail eight days before the 1987 crash that finished the myth of Salomon's invincibility, beginning with the weekend someone at the top leaked a rumor to the *New York Times* that the firm was about to fire a thousand employees. Among the casualties were five hundred in two entire departments, municipals and money markets:

> Neither municipal bonds nor money markets were profitable. Does that mean we should have dropped them completely? The firm could, at little expense, have kept a small staff in both markets. That would have appeased the customers who had come to depend on us in these areas and were now furious with us. And it would have enabled us to profit in the event that either of the two markets recovered.

Mr. Lewis ultimately attributes the bad times at Salomon Brothers to management's taking its eye off the ball, and behaving not like managers but like traders, trading experienced professionals for trainees, cutting losses by cutting entire lines of business. He quotes a colleague's theory: "Wall Street makes its best producers into managers. The best producers are cutthroat, competitive, and often neurotic and paranoid. You turn those people into managers, and they go after each other. They no longer have the outlet for their instincts that producing gave them. They usually aren't well suited to be managers." Ruthless people, he thought, are bad for the business but can only be washed out by proven failure.

Liar's Poker—the title is from a game played with the serial numbers on dollar bills—presents a voice not often heard, from a place most writers have ignored. It is good history, and a good story. Voices from the Gold Rush are always haunting. □

THEATER

The Shrillest Stalinist

RICHARD GRENIER

As tens of thousands fled East Germany, provoking the worst crisis of the German Communist regime since 1953, America, under a strange enchantment, honored the man who was the East German regime's most servile artistic defender: Bertolt Brecht.

Brecht's *Threepenny Opera*, which played recently in Washington and now has moved to New York in a remarkably lusterless production starring the English rock star Sting as Mack the Knife, had a substantial political impact (quite lost on American audiences today) in its original Berlin run in pre-Hitler Germany. Brecht was, throughout his lifetime, the most subservient Stalinist artist ever, and it is not inappropriate to weigh his politics in assessing his plays.

When I interviewed him in East Berlin in the 1950s, he told me he wanted audiences to emerge from his "epic" or "non-Aristotelian" theater not experiencing catharsis or "pity and fear" (Aristotle's words), but thinking hard and debating politics. I did nothing to reveal my own opinions, and Brecht told me he wanted to be remembered for having enlightened the people about their social and economic circumstances—to be remembered, in sum, for his politics. He unhesitatingly attacked the 1953 demonstrators—precursors of the reform movement now sweeping the entire Soviet empire—as "fascistic, warmongering rabble." Moreover, he effusively thanked the Soviet armed forces for their "swift and accurate intervention." Nor did he lift a finger to help a single one of the young German actors and assistants from the Berliner Ensemble, his theater company, who were arrested during the 1953 protests.

Lofty-spirited rock singers, cabaret intellectuals, and students at the Yale Drama School who consider Brecht's kindergarten Marxism so daring don't seem to know the first thing about the man's life. It doesn't take much daring, after all, to write anti-capitalist plays in East Berlin (with an Austrian passport, a West German publisher, and a Swiss bank account).

The original production of *Dreigroschenoper* in 1928 was in strict obedience to the Moscow policy of the day, which forbade cooperation with any elements of German society attempting to resist the rise of the Nazis. With the show's scathing contempt for the "bourgeoisie" and the whole of what enemies of German democracy called *Das System*, Brecht did his bit to undermine confidence in the Weimar Republic and help replace it with—Adolf Hitler. No other playwright can make this claim.

But Brecht was not only an obedient Stalinist. In his life he displayed an almost singular cowardice. It goes without saying that, leaving Hitler's Germany, Brecht didn't resettle in the joyous Soviet worker's paradise he'd been touting so rapturously from Berlin, but crossed the Soviet Union like a shot, preferring instead to endure the capitalist corruption of Pacific Palisades, California. A German former mistress of Brecht's who chose to stay in Moscow was later arrested. Friends besought Brecht to

Mr. Grenier is a columnist for the Washington Times *and (London)* Sunday Telegraph. *His novel,* The Marrakesh One-Two *(1984), is still in print from Penguin.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

intercede, but he would not, and she disappeared forever into the Gulag. For no matter how close the tie, Brecht never helped anyone.

Brecht only returned to Communist Europe and (East) Berlin after World War II, when the authorities, after much courting, made him East Berlin's royally subsidized Dramatist Laureate with his own magnificent theater, unlimited resources, sixty actors, in all a staff of 250. The regime got its money's worth. Brecht followed every zig and zag of the Party line, always, without the slightest qualification, even with zeal; but, mysteriously, his reputation in the West never suffered (unlike other artists and writers under Moscow's control). Perhaps it was that he became known in the West only during the cold war, which in a perverse way operated to his advantage. While still in Hollywood in 1947, Brecht was called before the House Un-American Activities Committee, but didn't plead the Fifth Amendment. A member of the Communist Party, of course, he simply lied and denied it. But any enemy of HUAC, by the American artistic standards of that and even subsequent decades, was thought to be a pretty fine fellow.

Paul Johnson feels that the influence of Brecht derived from his command of a large-scale, state-subsidized theater. But this tells us little about Brecht's appeal in the American theater (particularly the American university theater), where many found his Marxist harangues heady, fearless, and exhilarating.

The cold war was still on when I met Brecht, living in luxury in East Berlin, but de-Stalinization was aborning, a development Brecht furiously opposed. I made a disrespectful remark about the great Stalin to Brecht's daughter Barbara (who'd been raised in California), prompting her to storm off in a rage. I perhaps made a habit of this, because one night in East Berlin, Ruth Berlau, one of Brecht's mistresses, chased me down a staircase screaming "Filthy American pig!" which was quite fun.

The current production of Brecht's *Threepenny Opera* is appalling. Sting's acting and singing, without the miracles of digital recording, are painfully amateurish. Most of the rest of the cast are quite comparable. I personally have never doubted that the fabulous success of the *Dreigroschenoper* was due to the wonderful music of Kurt Weill, who eventually tired of "setting Karl Marx to music." Brecht's poetry and language in German have a special expressionist flavor, but his plays are wooden, stilted, and browbeating. An unconscionable number are adaptations of other men's plays, *Threepenny Opera* being a reworking of John Gay's eighteenth-century *Beggar's Opera*. The theme of Brecht's version is that capitalists and criminals engage in the same predatory, vicious behavior—not exactly a fresh idea, nor a very moving one coming from a man who was a fawning toady of Stalinism. The best verses in the original *Dreigroschenoper* were lifted by Brecht straight from a current German translation of François Villon's *Ballade des Pendus*. (Brecht was compelled to share his royalties with the Villon translator.) The worst lines describe life under the repugnant bourgeois monster, capitalism: "A man can only live by resolutely / Ill-treating, beating, cheating other blokes. / A man can only live by absolutely / Forgetting he's a man like other folks." As opposed, you see, to Stalin's Gulag—fully operative at the time of the original Berlin production—which imprisoned an astounding 9 per cent of the Soviet population but where guards presumably treated inmates with exquisite kindness. In the show's last number, Mack the Knife passionately curses "the coppers, sons of bitches," witless tools of the capitalist oppressors. A new translation, vaulting toward modernity (the *Village Voice* translator assures us we are very "close" to Brecht), rhymes "happy" with "crappy."

Jennifer Lawson

In those bygone days in East Berlin, I concluded my interview with Brecht thinking he was so small-minded, self-satisfied, and wedded to leaden propagandizing for Communism that in the West he would remain forever obscure. (At one point, he'd called Shakespeare his forerunner in the "bourgeois revolution.") I felt as if I had been on a visit to Albania, dreary, grey, depressing, a place the world might never hear from again. I certainly never expected to see a President of the United States hobnobbing happily backstage with the cast of a show whose author (and his plays are full of it) was a Stalinist lickspittle. Does George Bush even know this? Probably he thinks that the *Threepenny Opera* is "just entertainment." And that there's no business like show business. □

DELECTATIONS

First Things First

NIKA HAZELTON

Cooler weather, warmer food. The time has not yet come for the hearty dishes of winter, but we are starting to want something warming to eat. I think light soups are perfect for this season—especially the easy-to-make soups of Italy, such as the two I offer in this column. The Tuscan Vegetable Soup is a particular favorite—everybody who has eaten it once asks for encores.

Another option for first courses in this in-between season is rice or pasta with one of any number of sauces. But for those who have never visited Italy, I should explain that in the Big Boot these pasta dishes really are first courses—*primi piatti*, as we say over there. Every native winces when his foreign guests want to eat their fill of pasta, instead of consuming a modest portion and then going on to

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the *secondo piatto* of meat or fish. I know this only too well through my completely American children, who when they go out on their own fill up with rice or pasta only. Whoever eats with me, however, will eat the time-honored way for simple, family-style meals: a small helping of the *primo piatto*, and a bigger one of the *secondo*.

Some of my readers may be surprised to see rice placed on the same footing as pasta. Rice is eaten largely in northern Italy, in the Po Plain, where it is grown. Risottos are at home in Milan, Venice, and environs. The rest of the country, however, remains devoted to pasta.

The great divide in pastas is between those made from flour and water only, and those enriched with eggs and a little olive oil. The very poor Italians fill up with pasta made from flour and water, because it is the cheapest way of getting a hot cooked dish into one's stomach. This pasta will be dressed with a little olive oil and garlic, or with a simple sauce made of tomatoes. The reason why most Italian maids are so good at making home-made pasta of the enriched sort is that they had to make the plain version at home for years. At least that is what my mother (RIP) used to say.

This divide was historically along regional lines, with the poorer regions being mainly in the south and the richer in the north. It is still true today that north of Rome you can lead the life you want to lead—witness the British and American invasion of Tuscany, the modern bustle of Milan and Turin, and the interest displayed by non-Italians in the preservation of Venice. Yes, I am all for preserving Venice, though I suspect strongly that most people's motives in wishing to do so are to preserve a tourist's paradise. But that is another story.

Here are the light soups I mentioned above:

Leek and Rice Soup

4 or 5 medium leeks, trimmed, washed, and cut into rounds
¼ cup raw rice *or* ½ cup leftover rice, preferably plain rice
3 cups hot stock (it's fine to make it from bouillon cubes)
1 cup dry white wine

Cook the leeks and the rice together until softened in just enough water to prevent scorching. Add the stock and the white wine and simmer (do not boil) for 15 minutes or until very hot. (*Serves 3 or 4.*)

Note: If you are using leftover rice, add it after adding the hot stock and wine.

The second soup, Tuscan Vegetable Soup, contains *no* water or stock; the vegetables, cooked together, make it spoon-eating. However, it is essential that the vegetables go into the soup in the order given. This is not a more-or-less soup like the other one.

Tuscan Vegetable Soup

2 large tomatoes, peeled and sliced
2 medium onions, thinly sliced
1 clove garlic, minced
2 large zucchini, sliced
1 medium head romaine lettuce, shredded
2 pounds fresh peas, shelled, or a 10-ounce package of frozen peas
1 cup parsley sprigs, minced
2 tablespoons fresh basil leaves, minced (optional)
2 pounds fresh broad beans or lima beans, shelled, or a 10-ounce package of frozen limas
⅓ to ½ cup olive oil
Salt and freshly ground pepper
Freshly grated Parmesan cheese

1. Use a deep three-quart casserole which can go to the table. Put the sliced tomatoes on the bottom. Top with sliced onions and garlic.

2. Top the onions with the zucchini. Then add the shredded lettuce. Place the peas on top of the lettuce.

3. Sprinkle half the parsley and all the basil over the peas and add the beans.

4. Sprinkle the remaining parsley and the olive oil over all. Be sure to follow this order and do not stir or mix the vegetables.

5. Cook, covered, over moderate heat for 10 minutes, or until the vegetables at the bottom of the casserole release their liquid. Season with salt and pepper.

6. Now, stir the vegetables and mix well. Cook, covered, over low heat, stirring frequently, for about 30 minutes, or until the beans are tender. Serve hot or lukewarm with Parmesan cheese. (*Serves 6.*) □

20% OFF ON ALL BOOK PURCHASES!

Over A Half-Million Current Titles Available

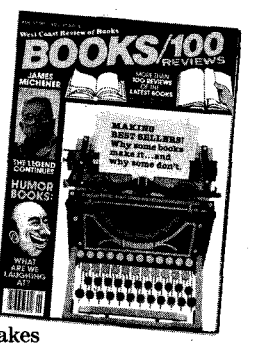
The American Readers Club is a totally different concept in book clubs. Unlike other clubs that carry perhaps 1,000 titles, we carry the largest selection of current books in America — over 110,000 titles! In addition we have access to 400,000 others. And we sell them all at 20% off the publisher's list price. Fiction, non-fiction, romance, classics, paperbacks — whatever the category, we sell it.

- We offer a 100% money back guarantee on all our books.
- We don't require you to purchase any minimum number of books per year.
- We don't send out "automatic monthly selections," that you must make sure and remember to reject before their arrival.
- We don't tack on excessive shipping and handling charges, so your 20% discount doesn't get eaten up.
- We can get most books to you within 5-10 days.

If you are tired of paying the exorbitant prices in today's market, then we are the answer. Why not join the American Readers Club and start purchasing all those $20.00 hardbacks for $16.00? Why pay the inflated prices when you don't have to?

When you join the AMERICAN READERS CLUB, you will receive a membership kit, explaining our club and how it operates, with instructions on how to order.

In addition, as a free bonus for joining you will receive a full year's subscription to *West Coast Review of Books* (a $12.00 value on the newsstand), which reviews 100 of the latest books every other month, along with an exclusive rating system to tell you whether the book is worthwhile. A copy is included in each kit.



Your cost to join is a one time fee of $9.95. That's all it takes and you will begin receiving *West Coast Review of Books*, plus you can start purchasing books from us at 20% off the list price as often as you like, for the rest of your life if you wish. Anytime you want, you may drop out or drop back in.

If for any reason you are dissatisfied after receiving your membership kit, simply return it within 30 days for a full refund.

Mail to: **AMERICAN READERS CLUB**
739 Fifth Ave., San Diego, CA 92101

Yes! Please send me my American Readers Club kit, and start my subscription to *West Coast Review of Books*. Enclosed is my check for $9.95. If I am not totally satisfied, I will return the kit within 30 days for a cancellation and full refund.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____ ZIP _____

Make checks payable to: AMERICAN READERS CLUB

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SOUND ON DISC

A Requiem & Other Celebrations

RALPH DE TOLEDANO

FROM ITS first performance, there has been controversy over the theatricality of Verdi's *Messa da Requiem*, written to commemorate the death of the Italian nationalist and literary hero Alessandro Manzoni. Because of the drama that inheres in the score, the Verdi *Requiem* imposes restraints on the performers that can be ignored only at peril. But ignored they have been in a new recording by Leonard Bernstein conducting the London Symphony Orchestra and Chorus, with Martina Arroyo, Josephine Veasey, Placido Domingo, and Ruggero Raimondi (CBS Masterworks M2K 30060). The *Requiem* demands sensitivity and lyricism—not the crashing *fortissimi* with which Bernstein pounds you into your chair. The tempo, too, drags, satirizing solemnity. The singing is strident where it should be tender. Take the *Ingemisco*, which Gigli sang so beautifully. Domingo forces, flats, and misses the point entirely. And there is a turgidity to the sound which is surprising on compact disc and comes from too much effort on Bernstein's part to demonstrate virility.

■ In contrast to the Bernsteinian blast are the *Missa di dadi* and the *Missa faisant regretz* of Josquin Desprez—with Peter Davies and Timothy Davies excellently and faithfully leading the Medieval Ensemble of London (L'Oiseau Lyre 411 937-2). Desprez was perhaps the finest of the Flemish/Northern French composers whose works quietly resounded in fifteenth-century Italy. Music at the time resided more in the church than in the court, and sacred music took what it would from the secular, so that the *cantus firmus* of both these Masses came from the non-religious. The purity of sound and expression, and a melodic other-worldliness, mark an utterance not too far from the plainchant on which the Gregorian built. The voices seem to float in space, calling to those for whom God and the saints were a reality, not a theological exercise. When the flame burns low, you must play these to understand what *sursum corda* means.

■ Almost by indirection, Erik Satie led the so-called modernist movement in music which preceded World War I. His influence can be felt occasionally in Debussy, frequently in Stravinsky. He was a neo-classicist, a musical satirist whose titles still give us pleasure. In piano works tongue-in-cheekily entitled *Véritables préludes flasques (pour un chien)*, *Croquis et agaceries d'un gros bonhomme en bois*, and *Trois airs à faire fuir*, he sought to refine music to its clear essentials and to eradicate impressionism from artistic thinking. These pieces are of deceptive simplicity, part of music's last statement before the way became strewn with complex monuments (*Piano Works*, played with understanding and perceptiveness by Pascal Roge, London 421 713-2 CD).

■ In my college days, I was drawn to Bach by a piano transcription of his Concerto in C Minor for two harpsichords, played by Artur Schnabel and his son Karl Ulrich. The texture was pianistic and the approach hardly baroque, but it was very appealing. Now it can be heard, along with three other double concertos of Bach in authentic rendition and on authentic instruments by Christopher Hogwood and the Academy of Ancient Instruments (L'Oiseau Lyre 421 500-2). Above all these concertos—there are two for harpsichord, one for violin, and one for violin and oboe—*satisfy*. Other composers may stimulate us to peaks of excitement, but J. S. Bach is solid, four-square, and reliable. Hogwood not only directs but takes a turn at the harpsichord—and he gives us a recording that is eminently satisfying.

■ I highly commend to you digitally re-mastered old recordings on the CBS Odyssey series of reissues—Leopold Stokowski conducting the National Symphony Orchestra in Mendelssohn's *Italian Symphony* (CBS MBK 39498) and Eugene Ormandy conducting the Philadelphia Orchestra in Prokofiev's *Classical Symphony*, *Lieutenant Kije*, and the *Love for Three Oranges* suites (CBS MBK 39783). These are rousing performances and remind us of what a master of recording techniques Stokowski was, and how great was the combination of Ormandy and the Philadelphia.

■ Jazz piano came in strongly with ragtime, had a separate jazz existence, and then merged with the jazz bands which germinated in New Orleans and then moved up the Mississippi to Chicago and the country at large. The importance of the piano in jazz is demonstrated in *Jazz Piano*, collected by the Smithsonian's resident jazz scholar and critic, Martin Williams (Smithsonian Recordings, Dept. JP, P.O. Box 23345, Washington, D.C. 20026). On four CDs (or six LPs or four cassettes) you can revisit jazz as it was played by Jelly Roll Morton in the early 1920s and follow it through to the present. The power, scope, and versatility of the piano as jazz instrument are laid before us by Fats Waller, the Mozartian Teddy Wilson, James P. Johnson, the magnificent Art Tatum, the boogie-woogie pianist Meade Lux Lewis, Mary Lou Williams of the Andy Kirk band, Earl Hines (who was influenced by and influenced the young Louis Armstrong), and others. □

THE GIMLET EYE

The New York Halloween Parade

D. KEITH MANO

HALLOWEEN. It is to the New York holiday season now what Mardi Gras is to Lent: one last hellish bender—anarchic and primordial and lewder than a baboon's red behind. The night when men who have purple foil hair, when punk children with barbed wire strung through their septa—normal New York sub-life, I mean—fade into commonness and re-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Jennifer Lawson

tain no shock-value at all. The grotesque has been given license and standing. Predation pressure is felt all around. Frenzy-feeding chthonian things break through—in emblem at least. Dracula, say, or that wild, anamorphic alien being over there, what is either but an avatar of the New York mugger-rapist-crackhead-geek? At last they are revealed for what they have always been: frightful, yet fascinating, and more or less ubiquitous. Big-shot evil will show off tonight: frank about its nature and full, as evil often is, of startling wit.

One brilliant, cockamamie conceit after another: five thousand jokes, fleering insults, assaults on the civil heart parade past me up Sixth Avenue—before more than one hundred thousand, ten deep at curbside, many of them madder than what they watch. It's enough to make me fall for this city again. A human corn flake, dog turd, vending machine, Port-O-San; a Kentucky fried chicken, couch potato, Venetian blind, and, yes, one Sony Walkman walking here: Gumby, Batman, Ronald Reagan, Pee Wee Herman's "mother," and Hitler in a tutu roller skating. Dionysius would be winded by it all. And none of this looks like grade-school shop-class stuff: it is mostly cunning, crafty high-tech shtick. And heads, heads—heads that explode like Etna, rotate carrousel-wise, become disembodied, one (good grief) made of green glass auto headlights in which a fantastic hologram is dancing. Ten people are the New York skyline, five are a Chinese take-out dinner, and four are your bathroom (sink, tub, mirror, and—hi there—toilet man). The imaginative wattage produced in this single night would be enough to light Peoria through A.D. 2007.

More than one sort of personification walks Sixth Avenue on Halloween. The aggressive image—Golem, Thor, monster he and she—is, as you might guess, predominant. We like to mimic power. These engage and threaten. In New York social language, they are the equivalent of that boom-box-humping adenoid who inevitably sits beside *you* on the subway. But self-abasement is popular, too: men dressed as overample women (at least six dozen of those), as infants in diaper and safety pin. These elicit compassion or disgust: they seem morally like the vanquished, mooching homeless who hit you up for change. There are exercises in pure wit alone—one giant eyeball, for instance, led by a Doberman and billed as the SEEING EYE DOG. These represent, to extend my subway parallel, human graffiti. In each case—it is an urban condition—they intrude on personal space by force or surprise and rupture privacy.

And they are—you expected something else?—way left of center. What we have here is a ghoulish liberal fund-raiser. A Dan Quayle impersonation: cardboard-box head, wind-up-toy key, vacant thought balloon. MERRY CHRISTMAS FROM THE BUSH ADMINISTRATION: horrid skeletal Santa Claus with scythe. It isn't without logic. What, after all, are ogre and witch and vampire, that supernatural electorate, but several metaphors for the special-interest outsider—wild to uncover some opening in an establishment otherwise known as reality and then haunt it?

Beneath all of this—imagination and power and self-abasement and political tone—throbs the homosexual heart. We aren't considering an ancient urban tradition here. The Halloween parade was brought forth upon New York City just 16 years ago—in part to provide some secure annual moment when a Greenwich Village cross-dresser could bump and grind free from public censure. The parade has become sexually ecumenical since then. Still, as death was thematic in my childhood Halloween, repressed lust of a clearly homosexual sort has always been topical here—narcissistic, exhibitionist, promiscuous, altogether broad. In fact the parade is an enormous *cruise*: that quintessentially gay interactive procedure similar to window shopping. AND, Lord above, the parade has an *attitude*—sardonic, outsider-critical, bright, puerile, stylish—starved for attention as any tantrum-throwing child is. New York Halloween may be about sex and power, but, in plague time, sex can't quite dissociate itself from death. It is eerie and unsettling to watch so many homosexual skeletons dance.

People, anyhow, don't arrive in New York from Kansas or Montana unless they are, at some level, extrovert and vain—if not downright megalomaniacal. This is a city of grandstanders. Even the lower-middle-class working stiff has his gig. Many—waiter, mailman, chef—wore their occupational garb on Sixth Avenue. Get the gist:

MAKE YOUR STAIRS OBSOLETE.

Glide up or down your stairs at the push of a button with the deluxe Inclinette. Inclinette is a custom-built single seat passenger lift that'll make every encounter with your stairs less cumbersome. Or choose StairLIFT, the economy edition of the Inclinette. Remember, it's tax-deductible if a doctor says you need it.

To find out more about these stair-relievers write:

INCLINATOR COMPANY OF AMERICA
Dept. 27, P.O. Box 1557
Harrisburg, PA 17105-1557

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

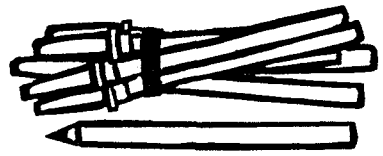
they work not in uniform, but in *costume*. Not a 9-to-5 shift, but a *performance*. And most of them—arrogant bus driver, grouchy token clerk—have been playing trick or treat on us all year long. Afterward I went into a Shoprite supermarket just off 14th Street. There, along the cat-food aisle, wolfmen and eight-eyed insects were shopping. It was an image out of Buñuel. And tomorrow, I knew, these same proto-men and -women, each with some persuasive human face on, would clock my ankle bone with their shopping carts at the check-out counter.

One incident, though, condensed a New York Halloween for me. The procession had begun to tail off. Mob pressure from behind drove us out, through police saw-horses, onto Sixth Avenue and then uptown. But, for the watcher just one block ahead, we were raw entertainment now. People craned forward, a child was held up, to see . . . what? Me. Dressed as myself in October: a sufficient impersonation apparently. Viewer was turned into viewee. And the parade had again become the city. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

How the Russians Invented Baseball and Other Essays of Enlightenment, by John Leo (Delacorte Press, 192 pp., $20.95)

JOHN LEO's Wanda and Ralph exchanges—feminist v. male chauvinist—so risible when they first appeared in *Time* a decade ago, when emergent feminism was the comic's delight, are, alas, dated; but John Leo's at once zany and sophisticated humor remains irresistible. He bushwhacks his readers with unexpected aperçus, turning the commonplace and mundane upside down, reshaping it in unexpected ways. On the difference between plain English and journalese: "In journalese the word *chilling* has the very solemn task of modifying *scenario* (in nuclear-war stories), *reminder* (in crime stories), and *effect* (any story on AIDS or the imminent repeal of the First Amendment), whereas in English it is merely something one does with white wine." On the Russian invention of baseball: "*Lapta*, as it has been known for the last sixty or



MS

seventy Soviet pennant races . . . evolved from the famous sporting rides of the cossacks, games occurring spontaneously on the Russian steppes with peasants hurling stones up at the fabled horsemen in attempts to achieve outs, while the free-swinging cossacks, many of them boasting nine- or ten-village hitting streaks, were responsible for most of the offense." In Soviet baseball, a player does not dispute orders from a coach, as an unfortunate third baseman from Minsk, who so far forgot himself as to yell, "Stick it in your ear, comrade coach," found out. He was "dragged from the Cosmodrome by large men in bulky suits, executed, and later brought to trial." On bird watching: the reason one sees so few birds in wilderness areas is "that a great many birds do not like the wilderness any more than you do." And on his friend Rudy, who spots a "northern beardless tyrannulet" at a spot where none should be: "This is the birding equivalent of Greta Garbo coming up to you in the street and asking you out." My favorite is Leo's universal baseball league: regional playoffs pit the Sydney Greenstreets of the Australian League against the Cannes Do of the West Europe League (and the Holland A's *v.* the Burma Shaves, the Kiev Chickens *v.* the Delhi Catessens) and culminate in a world championship in which the Mysore Feet of the Oriental League could defeat the Wellington Beefs (also of the Australian League).

—PRISCILLA L. BUCKLEY

DOLAN

(Continued from page 45)

gan's agent. He is off then on Reagan and Wasserman stories and other incidents from the early years, while I am thinking that if somebody doesn't get about thirty or forty hours of this on tape it will be a loss of artful storytelling, if not valuable history.

But there won't be hours of it today; there are other visitors. On the way out, I am telling him again what I have already said several times: how well he looks. This is probably dumb, since one of Reagan's jokes is: "There are three ages of mankind: youth, middle age, and, 'gee, you look terrific.' " But I say it again; and he points to the sun pouring in the window and says: "It's California."

Later, I am recounting this to the maitre d' at the Beverly Hills Hotel Polo Lounge, Nino Osti, and wondering out loud why I made such a fuss about how well Reagan looked. I blurt out: "It's just, you know, I love the guy and it's great to see him so happy"—which, while hardly elegant, would probably also be the sentiments of not a few million other Americans were they to see him today. It was David Broder, I think, who used to write about the unusual warmth of the crowds that came to see Reagan and the strange profusion of "We love you, Ron" signs.

Which is part of the reason why when I'm asked what I remember most about nine years with Ronald Reagan, it isn't sitting near him and Gorbachev at the Bolshoi Ballet or the fact that he may have led us successfully through one of the epic struggles for human freedom. Mostly I find myself telling the story about Elizabeth, or the teenaged girl at the Missouri rally, or the phone call to the speechwriter who was so miserable. It's improbable, and corny, of course, but so were Reagan and his era. Which is why when I'm asked what I remember most about him personally the same words keep popping out: "his kindness."

The Gipper is alive and well and living in California. Mellow out, Mr. President. □

AMIEL

(Continued from page 25)

way, in fact, that a totally egalitarian society could be brought about is if equality of opportunity were denied in order to impose equality of achievement. This now seems to be the chosen path of the women's movement with its push for job quotas, and ambitious social-engineering plans.

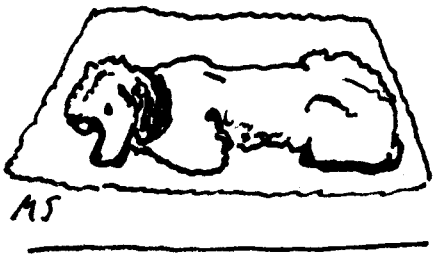
This to my mind is where feminism will encounter, for the first time, real resistance. Twenty-five years ago feminism postulated a resistance which simply did not exist. It postulated a society in which men were all-powerful and evil—rather the reverse of what used to be said about God. If

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

feminism had been right about this, of course, it would never have succeeded. But, in fact, the demands that the feminists made for equality could easily be accommodated in the liberal agenda, albeit slowly and ungraciously. Women could and did take their place as airline pilots or ambassador to the United Nations.

Now that the demands of second-stage feminism are no longer accommodable within the limits of mere fairness, the movement will lose the sympathy and support of fair-minded and intelligent women who truly wanted nothing but equality, and it will finally run up against that much-posited opposition of men. As well, natural commonsense resistance will stiffen. The goals of second-stage feminism are incompatible with a free liberal society—as well as economic productivity—and most societies do not dig their own graves. Natural forces reassert themselves. This, mind you, is the optimistic scenario.

The pessimistic scenario has to do with a different syndrome. Every movement in the twentieth century,



often totally unwittingly, has acquired by osmosis a quasi-totalitarian character. No matter how noble the ideals, these movements have become tinged with fascism. They instinctively search for institutional entrenchment, that is to say the ability to coerce as a way to achieve goals. If education in the free society is like making love, re-education in the hands of a movement is like rape. A pressure group becomes like a new strain of virus that must go directly for the brain of the body politic.

The pessimistic scenario, therefore, is that this fascist tinge that is already so characteristic of the women's movement (though no more than of any other movement from non-smoking to animal rights) will in fact carry the day in its post-liberal phase. The movement is already close to a state within a state, entrenched in an industry that stretches from Washington affirmative-action programs to the heart of our educational system. One look at catalogues from Harvard to UCLA reveals a women's industry that will not give up without a tremendous battle. After all, what can a woman with a degree in women's studies do but get up every morning and go into the personnel department to raise employees' consciousness, or take a look at Isaac Newton and women's problems in cosmology?

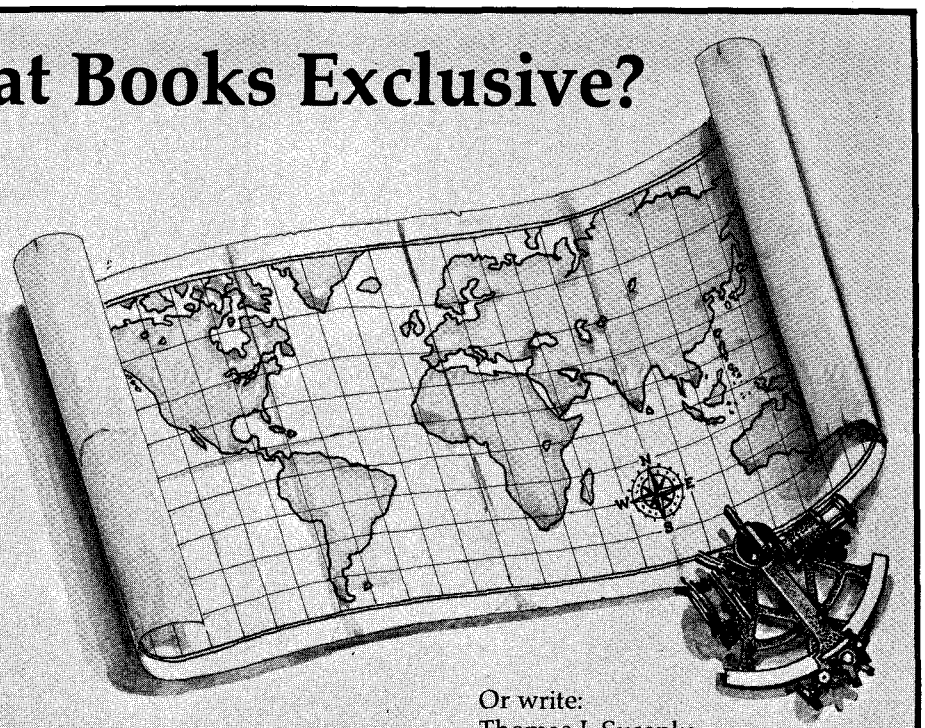
The close of Betty Friedan's book about what she is pleased to call the second stage of feminism makes an eloquent plea that "the women's movement is only a particular moment in human evolution, and once its job is *really* done, then it can and should be allowed to really fade away, honorably discharged." But as she must know, the state, alas, never voluntarily withers or fades away, now, tomorrow—with or without the ironing. □

Are the Great Books Exclusive?

They come from Asia, Europe, Africa, America. Their authors were as diverse as a Jewish lens grinder, a Florentine statesman, an American river pilot, an African bishop, a blind singer from Asia Minor, a Roman emperor, and a Roman slave.

They put the case for monarchy and democracy, for belief and unbelief. They are as diverse and rich as the soul of every man and they give voice to the best in man. They are the most thoughtful, most articulate, the most moving. They turned our world into a civilization.

At Thomas Aquinas College, we read the Great Books with some of America's best students. Guided by the light of reason and the teaching Church, we join the great conversation called Western civilization. Our students break free of contemporary cant. They break the shackles of the prejudices of the day and set out to find the truth.



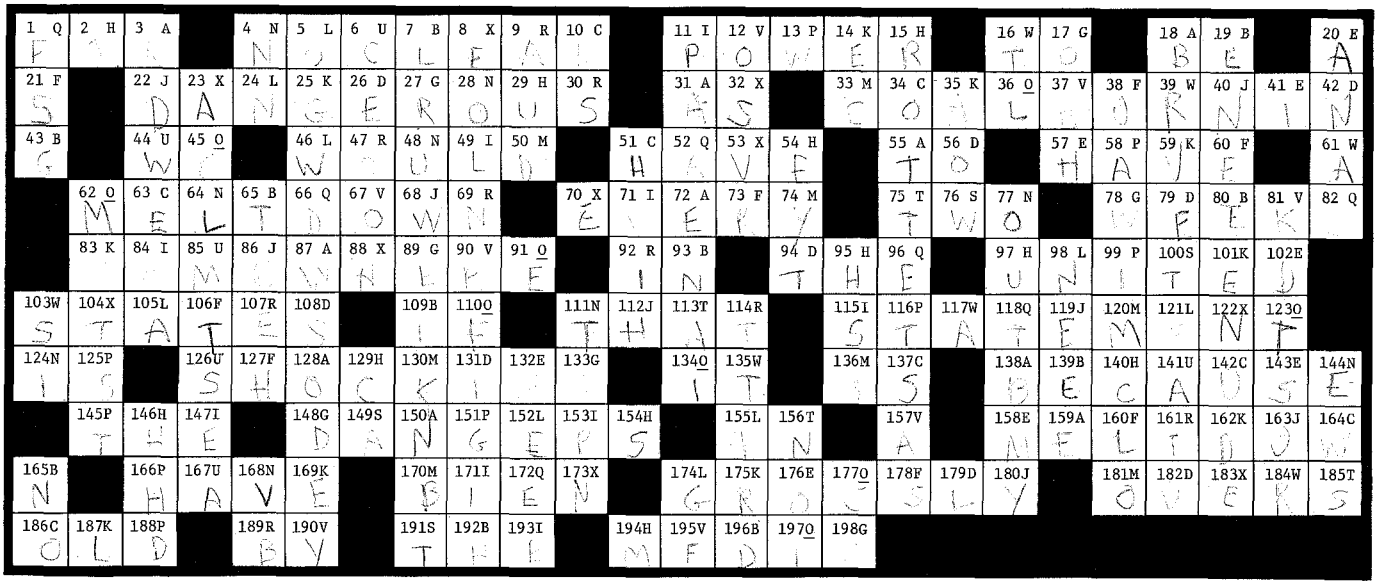
For information or to arrange a visit, CALL TOLL FREE: 1-800-634-9797. From Canada, call collect: (805) 525-4417.

Or write:
Thomas J. Susanka
Director of Admissions
Box 105
THOMAS AQUINAS COLLEGE
10000 North Ojai Road
Santa Paula, CA 93060

Financial aid program • Bachelor of Arts degree • Coeducational
Fully accredited, Western Association of Schools & Colleges

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TRANS-O-GRAM / Kem Putney



DEFINITIONS

A. Scolded about the head? — 138 3 128 87 18 159 31 55 72 150

B. Illuminated by a thunderstorm? — 80 165 7 109 43 192 65 139 93 19

196

C. Urban dwelling (2 words) — 10 186 164 51 34 142 137 63

D. New gadgets invented by authors? — 42 56 182 79 179 94 131 26 108

E. Warn — 20 102 158 176 132 41 143 57

F. Cruel to Miss Buzzi? — 73 38 106 127 160 60 178 21

G. Titled widow — 148 17 78 198 133 89 27

H. Quiet member of the congregation — 129 146 29 15 140 95 194 2 97 154

54

I. Miss the alarm — 84 71 147 153 115 49 171 193 11

J. Melon variety — 112 163 40 86 180 22 119 68

K. Home to alligators — 169 59 101 175 25 187 35 162 14 83

L. Papua is located here — 98 152 46 1745 155 24 121 105

M. Ahab's nemesis — 120 181 170 74 50 136 33 130

N. Change — 144 168 77 64 48 111 124 28 4

O. Existences — 36 134 110 91 123 197 62 45 177

P. Miserly ones — 145 99 151 166 116 13 58 188 125

Q. Bests — 66 172 1 96 52 118 82

R. Muleheaded — 47 189 30 161 92 69 9 114 107

S. Electrifying member of Reagan Cabinet — 76 149 100 191

T. Famed U.S. cartoonist — 156 113 185 75

U. South American parrots — 85 141 6 167 44 126

V. High-school tome — 190 195 157 90 37 12 67 81

W. Certain Mongols — 135 61 184 16 117 39 103

X. From God — 88 183 23 53 70 173 32 8 122 104

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill in the puzzle diagram by guessing the words from their definitions, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled in it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the words have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition. **See page 61 for solution to last Trans-O-Gram.**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

Educational Opportunities

BECOME A PARALEGAL. Work with attorneys. Home study. Free literature. 800-223-4542, Dept. LP173.

Health

CONGRATULATIONS TO OPRAH. Previously expensive clinical weight loss product now available to public. Safe, fast, physician-approved, and now affordable. Personal use or highly profitable business opportunity. 800-678-8539.

Real Estate

ST. LUCIA, WEST INDIES: Sea, mountains, blue sky surround this lovely 3-bedroom villa. 3-minute walk to sea, all sports. Maid included. $750 per week. 201-942-7257.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA GREEN: 20 prime acres, healthy avocado, lime grove. 2 beautiful viewsites for a home. Oreste F. Fossati, broker. 619-723-0300.

Literary

OUT-OF-PRINT BOOKFINDER. Send wants. 2035(NR) Everding, Eureka, Calif. 95501.

BOOK MANUSCRIPTS WANTED by literary agency. Fiction and non-fiction. S.A.S.E. required. Send to Nancy Des Coteaux, RR1, Box 451C, Lebanon, N.H. 03766.

FREE BOOK CATALOGUE: Sowell, Rand, Friedman, Walter Williams. Laissez-Faire Books, 942 Howard, San Francisco, Calif. 94103.

Solution to Last Issue's

Trans-O-Gram

TOM BETHELL:

Socialist Flaw

I cannot exchange a park bench for something that I want if I do not own the bench; and if no one owns the bench no one can exchange it. For this reason socialist goods are movable only by command —not by voluntary exchange.

OLD BOOKSCOUT locates out-of-print books. Write "Greenmantle," P. O. Box 1178NR, Culpeper, Va. 22701-6324.

OUT-OF-PRINT BOOKS located. Whitted, P. O. Box 603-R, Fairmont, N.C. 28340.

For Sale

"DON'T TREAD ON ME" coiled rattlesnake. First Union Jack, 1775. High-quality 4″ x 6″ desk flag. Supple cloth. Ebonized base and staff with gilded tip. Also appropriate for window, table, rear car window, etc. Made in U.S.A. $3.29, check or money order. Also available: 50-star U.S. and Confederate desk flags, $2.99 each. Satisfaction or refund. Priority postage paid. The Lakeland Works, P. O. Box 230X, Pompton Lakes, N.J. 07442.

Situations Wanted

CORPORATE TRAINER POSITION sought by separating military officer with experience as training coordinator and instructor. Georgetown graduate. NR Box 6205.

LAW STUDENT, top 20 per cent class rank, law-journal editor, graduating in 1990 from a California law school, conservative/libertarian views. Seeks judicial clerkship or other interesting position. NR Box 6202.

Personal

SAN FRANCISCO MAN, returning home. Single, early forties, loyal, idealistic, hard-working (M.D.), yet playful, nice-looking, stuck on literature, movies, the outdoors. Seeks woman counterpart for best-friendship then marriage. P. O. Box 14481, Atlanta, Ga. 30324.

PRETTY, TRADITIONAL, Ivy-educated girl, 24, seeks correspondence with young, adventuresome man. I admire Patrick Buchanan, William Webster, George Barley. Interests: archaeology, travel, old movies. NR Box 6201.

HANDSOME, TALL, ATHLETIC, successful, Ivy-educated Newport Beach physician, 35, looking to meet exceptional lady (25–35) who enjoys sports, Broadway music, and is interested in friendship, love, and marriage. NR Box 6187.

ASIAN WOMEN! Sunshine International Correspondence, Box 5500-FH, Kailua-Kona, Hawaii 96745. 808-325-7707.

Miscellaneous

STAMPS ON APPROVAL. Three to ten cents. Ebel, 209 Leeward, Cary, N.C. 27511-7211.

NEW PROFESSIONAL *speechwriting* service. Successful speeches have "listener appeal." "Listener appeal" emanates from speech structure. Wilson & Associates will outline your speech, from introduction, core statement, main points, sub-points, through conclusion. Our outline strengthens subject matter, speaker's viewpoint, presentation. Mail speech to Wilson & Associates, P. O. Box 42, Casper, Wyo. 82602. Your check for $95 covers costs. Two-week delivery.

PRESCRIPTIONS OVERPRICED? Fill your prescriptions at Pharmail! Additional savings on larger quantities. Professional pharmacy service-free shipping. Call 800-237-8927. Pharmail, P. O. Box 1466, Champlain, N.Y. 12919-1466.

WATCH REPLICAS: Lowest prices nationwide! Exact weight. 18 kt gold plated. 404-963-3USA.

CAPITOL HILL CAREERS begin here. Learn basics of working in Congress from veteran staffers. Leadership Institute, 8001 Braddock Road, Springfield, Va. 22151; 703-321-8580.

EXPERTLY SEASONED FOOD tastes wonderful, even if one is cutting down on salt, sugar, or fat. *The Manual for All Seasoners* explains which herbs and spices should be used with more than 700 foods. Nothing can improve one's cooking quite so much as seasoning knowhow. Lucky cooks peek at *The Manual for All Seasoners* virtually every time they prepare food. Send $5.95 to Herb Spice Publications, Department 1, 12104 Morrow Avenue, N.E., Albuquerque, N.M. 87112.

CLASSIFIED INFORMATION

Rates: $3.00 per word with 10-word minimum. Phone number, zip code, and all permitted abbreviations count as one word. Permitted abbreviations include titles (M.D., Ph.D.), organization names (IBM, USMC), state and country names (N.Y., U.S.), and miscellaneous items such as A.P.O., RR, S.A.S.E., P. O. Box. Aside from these exceptions, no abbreviations allowed.

Special Rates: $2.75 per word per insertion for 4 insertions; $2.50 per word per insertion for 6 insertions; $2.25 per word per insertion for 8 or more insertions.

NR Box Numbers: Available for an additional $5.00. Include "NR Box ____" in text of ad (three words). Responses will be forwarded.

Restrictions: Personal advertisements must specify at least 3 interests. NR does not accept political advertisements.

To Order: Full payment in advance is required, by either check, money order, MasterCard, or Visa. Include expiration date with credit-card orders. No telephone orders. Address: John Cavanaugh, Leadership Network, 254 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10001.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The End of History

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 11

Two items, within 24 hours, that concentrate the mind—in connection with the airy optimism floated by Francis Fukuyama in his essay "The End of History?" whose thesis is that, with the end of the cold war, we have come to the happy conclusion of the problems that have plagued mankind. We all now know the fruits of the liberal society, of free enterprise—of all that goes to making the civil society in which we are destined to live, pending entry into the City of God.

These are highfalutin concepts up against the two items that obtrude in the mind. The first was commentary from a portly gentleman of emphatic demeanor, who rose in the audience and said, "Goddamit, if we have a drug problem, which we do have, there is one way to deal with it, and we all know what it is. String up one hundred drug merchants in the town squares of the major cities of the United States, then retire and face other problems, because there won't be a drug problem after that." He cited, of course, Singapore, as we all do; but he failed to recognize that for reasons morphological, there isn't any way the United States can behave in the way Singapore behaves. Now having said that, we are trained to believe that that is 100 per cent good news. But it isn't. There are certain problems that can be coped with in Singapore that can't be coped with over here, with our beloved Constitution and Bill of Rights.

The second episode is the morning's news about AIDS. The lachrymose reporter on the *Today Show* announces that the disease is spreading among teenagers, of both sexes, at the rate of a 100 per cent increase per 14 months, and if you project such a curve forward, like compound interest, you get maybe a million AIDS-persons by the turn of the century. We are all asked to deplore this development, and to subsidize increased investment in public information about the causes of AIDS; and we all nod our heads. Somebody on the program asks whether there are prospects for a diminished sexual promiscuity among teenagers, and the reply to that question is a patronizing, "No, dear. That's not the way America works." Indeed. And for every one thousand paragraphs you read about those suffering from AIDS, you are unlikely to find a single paragraph the burden of which is: Why in the name of God did this dope-addict or this sex-driven gay take such chances as he now suffers the consequences of?

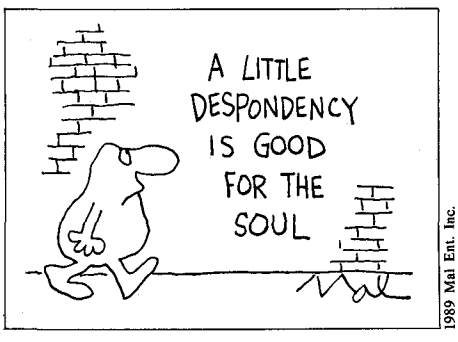
This is built into our society, the tendency not to assign responsibility even for misfortunes self-inflicted. Many tears were shed over the premature demise of Edward R. Murrow, but few mourners thought it appropriate to call attention to his submission to an addiction to tobacco, which even then was known to be a killer. The principal social problem in the United States today—bar none—is illegitimacy. As many as 70 per cent of the children born in Harlem are illegitimate, and there is a commensurate rise in white illegitimacy. But all the political talk is about how to look after the homeless, how to look after child care on behalf of one-parent families, how to supervise the education of those who haven't two parents to help them along. If there is a growing social movement against illegitimacy, I have seen no traces of it. And the ambience of illegitimacy is not only countenanced, it is celebrated. If there is a newspaper or magazine that blushes today at alluding to cohabitation between unmarried people, I can only suspect that that publication is sold under the counter by dirty old monks to closet believers in monogamous relationships.

Such thoughts gave special force to an essay by John Gray, published in NATIONAL REVIEW's October 27 issue. Mr. Gray says a great deal, and if you have a weak stomach, dig up an Alka Seltzer and take a sip after each of the following sentences:

"Because of the ravages wreaked on civil society by liberal ideology America already has a more bureaucratized and regulated, less tolerant, more divided, and more statist society than most other modern democracies, squandering the historical patrimony of civil society on which American pre-eminence in the world rested. Liberal ideology guarantees blindness to the dangers that liberalism has itself brought about. In sum, the danger for America is that, confronted with comparative economic decline, an uncontrollable crime epidemic, and weak or paralyzed political institutions, it will drift further and further into isolation and disorder."

That is a very large mouthful, but with a high nutritive content. It is true that our representative legislature is crippled—election to Congress is on the order of a life-tenure appointment. It is true that voting blocs paralyze action (blacks, Hispanics, secularists, anti-nuclearites). And it is true that increasingly we are adopting "industrial policies" to protect us from the kind of competition with foreign manufacturers which we cannot cope with, fostering the illusion that we can maintain our standard of living while losing our once unrivaled power to shape our economic pre-eminence.

We can only hope that it is not the End of History, as Mr. Fukuyama has predicted, because if so it freezes the United States in a monstrous social and economic decline. □



Mr. Webster Has It Exactly Wrong

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 18

We have finally had some straight talk from the CIA. Straight talk from the CIA is a rare and endangered species, and this time it went like this. On Monday, October 16, CIA Director William Webster announced that he favored another look at the language of the Executive Order that binds the CIA on the matter of assassination. The current Order, whose wording dates back to 1978, forbids the United States to help any foreign action that contemplates political assassination. Mr. Webster was asked, in the words of the *New York Times*'s Stephen Engelberg, "if he would like to see this interpretation relaxed." Mr. Webster replied—and in CIA lingo, this is the equivalent of "John hit the baseball"—"I don't think you're misreading me." That formulation is somewhere between a litotes and a double negative, but we still understand it.

But then Mr. Webster went on to make the classical error. He said that what he wanted to come out of a new law or executive regulation was something so clearly defined that "they [i.e., CIA operatives] can go right up to the edge of that authority and not worry if they or their

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

agency is going to get into trouble. When you have deliberate blurring, it puts a terrible and I think unacceptable pressure on the people who have to do the work." Mr. Webster is 100 per cent incorrect. It is the effort to eliminate that blur that causes intellectual anarchy.

In 1963, President Kennedy encouraged a coup against President Diem which most realistic men would have concluded would lead to his assassination. As the turbulent successive years bore down on the event, however, the crystallizing question wasn't: Should the President of the United States, in certain circumstances, back a coup that results in the death of a foreign leader? It was, instead, Was it sensible for this President to encourage the assassination of this particular leader?

In the 12 months before the killing of Diem, John F. Kennedy was directly implicated in an effort to assassinate Fidel Castro. The mechanical operation (it was called "Mongoose") was primarily the creature of his brother Bobby, and the lengths Mongoose went to became the laughing-stock of the professional community. It included exploding cigars, toxic scuba-diving suits, and poison pills. After the assassination of President Kennedy it was hinted (as is hinted even now) that just possibly President Castro wasn't just blowing smoke when, in the spring of 1963, he referred to attempts on his life sponsored by the United States and said that two could play at this game.

In any event, following the Rockefeller Commission's investigation of the CIA in 1975, President Ford promulgated the Executive Order banning political assassination. President Carter took it a step further when he amended the order to say that "no person employed by *or acting on behalf of* the United States Government shall engage, or conspire to engage, in assassination." President Reagan didn't change that Executive Order (though there was internal debate about it). What we do not know, and in the best of all possible worlds should never find out, is whether President Reagan was entirely guided by that order. You see, it isn't that we are categorically opposed to the death of any foreign leader. If the raid on Libya wasn't among other things an attempt to assassinate a foreign leader, then a great many people went to unnecessary pains to try to establish exactly where Mr. Qaddafi would be sleeping on the night of April 14, 1986. If, in the course of ousting President Marcos, Mrs. Aquino's troops had dispatched him with a sniper's bullet, our government would simply have deeply regretted the unnecessary bloodshed. And, of course, if somebody had shot General Noriega back in 1988—or, for that matter, the Ayatollah—our regrets would have been printed by Hallmark.

The error made by Judge Webster is that of the Platonic imperative: the idea that you can write into law an exact guide to the proper behavior of a Chief Executive in every conceivable situation.

In fact, you cannot do so. This has been the burden of eight novels undertaken by this critic of Mr. Webster, which novels have insisted that effective counterintelligence, especially in a nuclear age, is a moral art and the worst you can do is to attempt to codify rules governing situations as emotionally and rationally complex as a lover's signals to his quarry. What we need, between the Oval Office and the end of General Noriega, is a blur as thick as the stuff that sits over Los Angeles, and gums up CIA typewriters. □

Blast!

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 20

I knew it. I-knew-it-I-knew-it-I-knew-it. Several reasons were given for declining to pass a constitutional amendment asserting the right of Congress and of the states to protect the flag against certain unfriendly acts. But the real reason the amendment didn't make it is the fear of the intellectuals to poach upon territory in which they have trained themselves to think of the Supreme Court as infallible. The Supreme Court is our Established Church, never mind what the First Amendment says about Established Churches.

Other reasons for voting it down were, of course, advanced. There was, first, the utilitarian line. Why not, one faction argued, write a new law so ingenious that the Supreme Court will let it stand? Accordingly the House came in with a rococo bill which even takes time to authorize the destruction of the flag "when it has become worn or soiled." Then the act goes on to say that if a federal court refuses to authorize prosecution under the new act, citing the First Amendment and the antecedent decision of the Supreme Court, "the clerk of the Supreme Court shall promptly notify the clerk of the House of Representatives and the secretary of the Senate . . . and each House of Congress shall have the right to intervene in the case for the purpose of defending the constitutionality of this section." What that means is that before a Supreme Court rules finally to reject this brummagem evasion, said Court will notify the Houses of Congress, each one of which can hire a fancy lawyer to try to persuade the Court that there is in fact a difference between free speech, and burning the flag.

Now the purists—ACLU types, we can briefly characterize them—aren't happy with the new bill, but don't care very much about it either, because they are confident that the Supreme Court will knock it out the first time it comes around. You see, the ACLU types insist that there should be no authority of any kind that protects the flag from mutilation of any sort, on the grounds that burning the flag, or spitting on it, or defecating on it, is a form of speech and as such should not be molested, because the First Amendment's guarantee of free speech should reign supreme.

Their position simply declines to distinguish between physical acts, and verbal acts. By their view, the dumb can speak. A liberating thought, even though it does some damage to biological axioms. If a deaf mute burns a flag, he would have the double defense, a) he couldn't hear the officer who warned him not to desecrate the flag, and b) lacking alternative means of expressing himself, he had no way to register his opposition to federal policies save by burning the national symbol.

The purists were very influential in the discussions that finally intimidated 11 Republicans into voting against the amendment. And then the ghost of another menace was floated. Even Senator Barry Goldwater, the world's most sensible man, advised us last week that there was great danger in amending the Constitution. True, his warnings apply primarily to the calling of a Constitutional Convention, of the kind we have been talking about for many years, to forbid excessive spending. The fear is that, once an assembly is convened to redesign the Constitution, it will come up not with a surgeon's scalpel effecting a tiny excision, but with a spadeful of new constitutional law. It has time and again been established that the dangers of such runaway conventions are illusory, because a) the bill convening the convention can specify an agenda; and b) we have a brake against excess: any amendment would need affirmative votes by 38 state legislatures. It is unlikely that 38 legislatures would vote to forbid Harvard professors to read James Joyce, or whatever it is they are currently afraid of—that, or permit a village to situate a creche in the Town Hall, the other great menace to our freedom.

I should add a final faction, for which one has respect. Call them the constitutionalists. Their commanding general is James Jackson Kilpatrick, the formidable columnist, historian, and polemicist. His rule is, really, quite simple, though it is subtly argued. It says: "Leave the Constitution alone." Perhaps one day the Court will do something so outrageous as to persuade Mr. Kilpatrick that the time has finally come to issue a formal rebuke. That position is very different from my own. Which is: Seize any opportunity you can to upset a Court ruling. Just once. And the purpose of this is to remind ourselves that we are a self-governing nation. □

(Universal Press Syndicate)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

OFF THE RECORD

■ Whose side is the White House on, anyway? Cato asks this question in the wake of the high-handed treatment accorded William B. Allen of the U.S. Commission on Civil Rights. Mr. Allen was appointed chairman of the commission by President Reagan. A longtime advocate of a color-blind Constitution, Mr. Allen is no shrinking violet. This spring, for example, he criticized the "country-club Republicans" whose idea of civil rights is to outbid the Democrats.

Most recently Mr. Allen attracted attention with a speech made to a "Symposium on Homosexuality and Public Policy Implications" in Anaheim, California. His speech pointed to the contradictions that crop up once we start inserting into law preferences based on race, sexual orientation, and so forth. The title of the speech—"Blacks? Animals? Homosexuals?: What Is a Minority"—derived from an analogy Mr. Allen once read, to the effect that now that American law recognizes that blacks have rights, it ought to do the same for animals. Before the speech Representative Don Edwards (D., Calif.) wrote a letter asking Mr. Allen not to deliver it, the second time he'd made such a request. Mr. Allen's response was straightforward enough: "I am not your 'boy,' " he shot back. In the event he did not cancel; about forty gay-rights activists stormed the place to try to prevent him from speaking; his fellow commissioners issued a press release distancing themselves from his position. And now he is no longer chairman.

But it's not that simple. Mr. Allen offered his resignation as chairman in a letter dated September 8, outlining the key civil-rights issues that still need to be addressed and in effect giving the President the chance to put his own man in charge. Mr. Allen's resignation as chairman—he remains on the commission—was accepted in a terse note from President Bush dated October 16.

Unfortunately, that's not the end of the story. Press accounts, such as a *New York Times* editorial, had Mr. Allen forced into resigning because of his California speech, which was given on October 8. (An earlier news story in the *Times* had reported it correctly.) Furthermore, while Mr. Allen did not get a copy of the letter from President Bush accepting his resignation until October 20, the press was told earlier, the result being that Mr. Allen found out that he was no longer chairman not from President Bush or a spokesman but from a *Baltimore Sun* article.

In a press conference later in the month Mr. Allen suggested that if he couldn't work with the Bush Administration he might be more effective working against it. Judging from the way the White House handled the whole thing, it appears the Administration has been working against *him* for some time.

■ But October was not without its small victories. In our September 29 issue we published in this space an excerpt from a National Right to Work Committee investigation showing that the National Labor Relations Board was not giving American workers accurate information about their right not to join a union. Soon after this item appeared, Cato received a call from Melissa Hale, an *NR* reader in San Francisco, who had been told by her personnel department at San Francisco's Fairmont Hotel (the one in the TV mini-series *Hotel*) that she had to join Local 856 of the Teamsters Union or lose her job. Miss Hale read the excerpt here, realized that her case was similar, and presented the article to the personnel office.

The hotel called the labor board, and was given the same misinformation that was the subject of the NRTWC investigation, to wit: that California was a non-right-to-work state, and so Miss Hale would have to join. The union then sent a letter saying that she would be fired if she didn't pay her initiation fee by 4:30 on October 15. Others might have caved at that point, but our readers are made of sterner stuff. She called our Washington bureau and was quickly put in touch with a lawyer from the National Right to Work Committee, who filed complaints on her behalf.

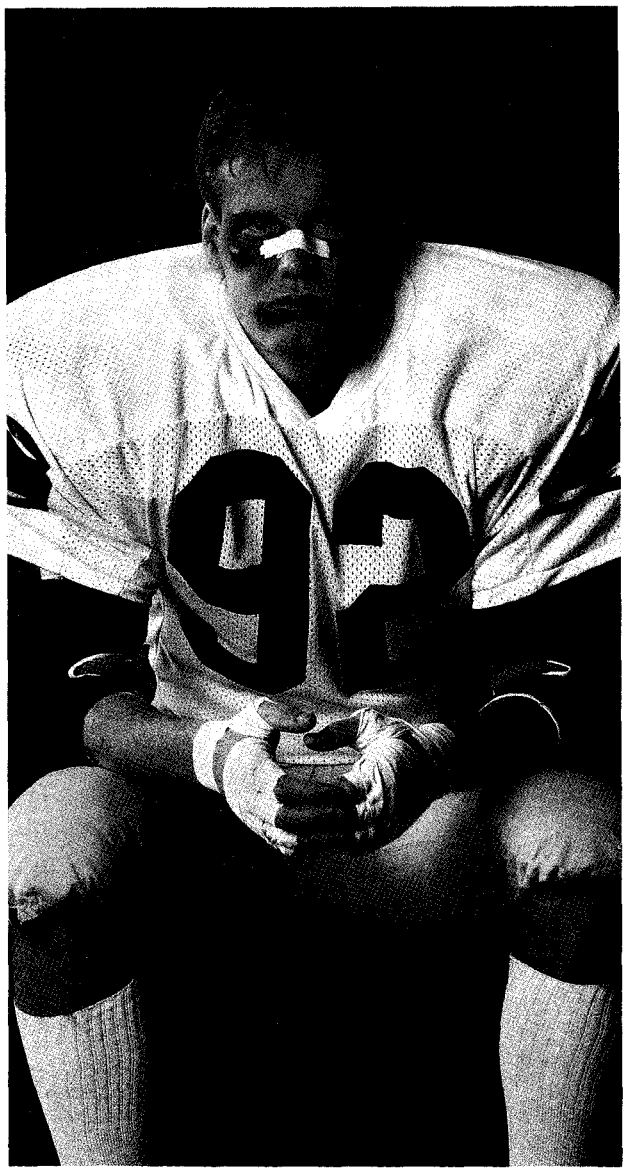
We are happy to report that Miss Hale is still working hard in the hotel's sales department. In addition to not joining the union, moreover, she is also applying, as the law now allows, for a refund of the percentage of her dues that is devoted to political campaigns.

■ Finally, in local news, the big question remains whether new D.C. resident the Rev. Jesse L. Jackson will run for mayor against the incumbent, the Hon. Marion Barry. Thus far the leader of the Rainbow Coalition has been coy about his intentions, refusing to confirm or deny his candidacy. He may now be reconsidering: if he won the mayoralty, he would be taking a vow of relative poverty, now that the D.C. Council has passed a bill called the "Outside Income Limitation Amendment Act of 1989." The law puts a ten-thousand-dollar cap on honoraria for the mayor, which would put quite a crimp in Reverend Jackson's lifestyle.

—CATO

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE ART OF SUPERIOR PERFORMANCE



IF ONLY YOUR TEAM COULD SNAP BACK LIKE VISA®.

VISA fabrics by Milliken
in uniforms look terrific on the field.
The breathable, moisture-wicking comfort
and superior odor release
make players look and feel like champions.
But the real beauty of VISA
is the way it snaps back
even after the most rugged game.
Because VISA releases the toughest mud
and grass stains, as well as odors, in the wash.
And comes through countless launderings
with super color and shape retention.
For the look and feel of freshness,
choose all-American VISA of Dacron®.
America's Freedom Fabric.

America's Freedom Fabric
VISA
BY MILLIKEN
America's Freedom Fabric

CRAFTED WITH PRIDE IN U.S.A.

DACRON® POLYESTER

®VISA is a registered trademark of Milliken & Company for fabrics.
®DACRON is a DuPont registered trademark.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

We shed a lot of flavor on the subject of light.

Most ultra low tar cigarettes are a compromise:
low tar, and low taste. Some compromise! Only Merit has
figured out how to deliver low tar and great flavor in an ultra light cigarette.
Perhaps that's why we're America's fastest growing ultra light.
Is that the sound of a light going on in your head?

Enriched Flavor,™ ultra low tar. A solution with Merit.

Merit Ultra Lights

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking Causes Lung Cancer, Heart Disease, Emphysema, And May Complicate Pregnancy.

© Philip Morris Inc. 1989

Kings: 5 mg "tar," 0.5 mg nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED